"THANK you, 'John Bull,' for cheque for Sickness Benefit. I want to wish 'John Bull' every success in carrying on such good work, for this cheque has brought me to see life in a very different aspect and it will help me to enjoy life a little better in days to come. Thanking you once again."

This letter came to me from a Swansea reader when he acknowledged "John Bull's" cheque sent under the exclusive Sickness Benefit provided by "John Bull's" Free Family Insurance Gift.

EXCLUSIVE BENEFITS

In addition to Sickness Benefits (as specified in "John Bull's" Free Family Insurance Certificate), "John Bull" is the only paper in the world to safeguard registered readers' household effects against damage by FIRE, STORM, FLOOD and TEMPEST. Numerous accident benefits are also provided.

£524 PAID LAST WEEK.

Last week alone "John Bull" distributed no less than £524 15s. to registered readers or their dependants. Use Forms below for this Security Gift TO-DAY.

"JOHN BULL" THE ONLY PAPER TO PAY FIRE, STORM, FLOOD & SICKNESS BENEFITS

SIGN TO-DAY

JOHN BULL

Hand this Form to Your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

.....

..... Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 3/9/38.

CUT HERE

Post this Form to

"John Bull," Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....

Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address .....

.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.

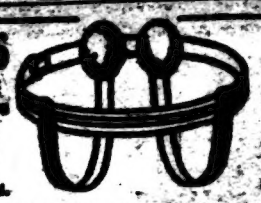
.....

..... Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full Benefits and Conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 3/9/38.

10/6 SINGLE 15/6 DOUBLE



We could fill this whole page with letters of appreciation received from customers since we introduced these Wonderful Rupture Appliances. Consisting of a strong elastic belt lined throughout with soft unobjectionable rubber pads, which are so comfortable that they are without doubt the most wonderful appliances on the market to-day. Send your P.O. 10/6 (or 15/6) stating size round body and whether left, right or double rupture.

A Customer writes:—After trying different makes, some very expensive, I find your appliance the best and most comfortable. Supplied through Approved Sources.

LONDON SURGICAL COMPANY (Dept. B70), Craven House, 121, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.

YOURS FOR 40/

5/- WEEKLY

NEW 600 c.c. S.V. Twin DOUGLAS MOTOR-CYCLE

Fully equipped Headlamp lighting

£22 - 10 - 0

Save time, fares and money with one of our fully guaranteed Motor-cycle bargains. 1,000 other guaranteed bargains from 30/- to £50, including brand new 1938 models at £20 off list price. Balance to suit your convenience over 18 or 24 months. 3rd party insurance only. Slightly carriage allowance on motor-cycle or cycle. H.P. accounts settled. Special collection to mail order customers. Call, write or 'phone for free bargain list. Brixton 6251.

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DELIVERED on first payment. For closing Tents, Garden Implements, Cycles, Prams, etc. Built in 6 strong patent sliding sections. Easily the best value. Bank carriage paid. Roofing Felt supplied Free. (Other sizes.)	Long.	Wide.	High.	Cash	Monthly.
	6ft.	4ft.	4ft.	£2 13 0	3/6
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	10ft.	7ft.	6ft.	£5 15 0	7/6
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CATALOGUE FREE. Garages, 77/6; Summerhouses, 27/6; Arbours, 22/-; Aviaries, 22/-; Kennels, 27/6; Aviaries Garages, 69/6; Workshops, 55/-; Poultry Cabins, 39/-; Fowl Pens, 21/-. Carriage Paid. F.O.R. Suteliffe Ltd., 23, Wood Top, Haydon Bridge, Yorks. London Showroom: 37-43, Oxford St., W.1.

Now IS THE TIME TO BUY A BIKE

I OFFER 1,000 BRAND NEW COVENTRY BICYCLES DURING SEPTEMBER AT CUT PRICES AND TERMS, FROM 57/6. Carriage paid. An enormous saving on each cycle. A postcard will bring you free lists.

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John Noble's IDEAL CLUB

QUALITY AND EXPERIENCE COUNT!
JOHN NOBLE'S WERE AWARDED GOLD MEDALS
FOR VALUE BEFORE SET OF THESE COMPETITORS WERE STARTED

EARN MORE! SAVE MORE!

JOHN NOBLE'S WANT ORGANISERS OF IDEAL WEEKLY CLUBS.

Thousands of men and women are earning and saving through the Ideal Club, why not YOU? As an Organiser or as a Member you can use the Ideal Club to increase your income or make your present earnings buy more. Help Yourself and Your Friends by forming an Ideal Club. GENEROUS COMMISSION AND BONUS, no outlay, little trouble and no expense. Marvellous Bargains in Furniture, Fashions, Footwear, Bedding, Underwear, Outfitting, etc. Buy All Your Family Needs the Ideal Way! Hundreds of testimonials received weekly.

Send coupon NOW for John Noble's Wonder Catalogue; it's FREE!

To:—JOHN NOBLE LTD., Brook St., Manchester, 1.

I am interested in your Ideal Club and would like you to send me catalogue, etc., without any obligation on my part.

NAME.....
(Mr., Mrs., Miss)

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(J.N.71) .....

Post in ½d. stamped envelope.

How to Stop Smoking

FREE TREATISE WORTH POUNDS

Thousands of genuine, entirely unsolicited testimonials from grateful men and women who have been quickly freed from the tobacco habit by the help of the Stanley Treatment for Tobacco Habit. What the Stanley Treatment has done for others it can do for you. A grateful man writes: "Now I have not the slightest inclination for smoking. I consider your Treatment the best investment I have ever made." If you wish to break the Tobacco Habit, write to-day for the Treatise, "Tobacco Bondage and the Way Out," which has caused so much comment. Sent free and without obligation. It will cost you nothing and save you pounds, so write to-day THE STANLEY INSTITUTE Ltd. (Dept. B.B.655), 21, Warwick Lane, London, E.C.4

A dazzling White Finish for front steps window sills door lintels

Will get work of in the train

Also in Cream, Red, Green, Buff and Transparent.

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INCREASE YOUR INCOME

Wonderful offer to Agents. Introduce the new and unbeatable 5/- Double Value Club Cards to your friends and customers. They will buy them, for not only can they obtain a wonderful range of FREE GIFTS, but because there are huge WEEKLY Cash PRIZES in which you also share. Liberal commission and bonuses and all postages allowed. Many Agents earning £3 weekly. Our cards are so popular that your commission will increase weekly. Full details from Dept. J.B.

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FILMS FREE FOR EVER

We give you an ultra-rapid "Gaitspool" film, FREE, to advertise our Service, already used by over 12,000 "John Bull" readers. THREE SIZES ONLY: 2½ x 3½, 4½ x 2½, 3 x 3, or 3½ x 1½ films and to fit Kodak and Coronet. A FREE FILM will be sent by return if you send this ad. with name, address and 3d. in stamps to cover postage, packing, etc., to:

GRATISPOOL CO. (Dept. J.B. 11) 227, William Street, Glasgow, C.2.

LASTING WAVES ALL OVER THE HEAD WITH THIS NEW WAVER SETTER

Post 3d. 1/6

A "once in a lifetime" opportunity to cut "Perm" and "setting" bills and obtain glorious, natural wavy hair. This famous Waver scientifically and automatically sets the hair into any desired depth of lasting waves. IT CANNOT FAIL, even on absolutely straight hair. If you follow the simple instructions. No hot irons, dirtiness, danger or fuss—get a full wave at home in half an hour! Comfortable to use, washable, will last for years to save you pounds in hairdressing costs. Greatly reduced. A limited number offered at only 1/6, post 3d.

MAIL PRODUCTIONS (Dept. J.B.E.W.S), 91, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

GENUINE LONDON BUSMEN'S TROUSERS 5/-

Another of our remarkable Genuine London Bargains! Genuine London Bus-men's Trousers, only very slightly worn. Navy Blue Serge, thoroughly cleaned and pressed and in first-class condition. Roomy-fitting waist, very strongly sewn. All lined with new twill linings. Ideal for all men requiring a Garment for real hard wear and service. All sizes, 32 to 46 waist, usual leg lengths. THESE GARMENTS ARE REALLY COST 11/6 under present, and today in first-class condition, and being in limited quantities only slightly worn are only very rarely available. P.B. Jacket to match, 6/6, or complete suit 10/6, post 6d. Order to-day with every confidence. Cash back if in any way dissatisfied.

J. WHITEFIELD REID & CO., 28, Kirby Street, London, E.C.1.

THORNS Garden Sheds

Fully Guaranteed. Cash or Terms. Easily erected. Delivered Free or Carr. Pd. Eng. & Wales.

Price Book No. 19 from J. THORNE & SONS, LTD., Bar 38, Hampton Road, Bexhill-on-Sea, Kent.

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Long	Wide	High	Cash or Deps.	Mthly.
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DESIGNS 2/- FREE

AGENTS WANTED

£1 FREE

to agents for wonderful "Double" Value and "Treble" Value Cards. £5,000 in CASH and GIFTS. Best Commission and Bonus. Send coupon for FREE OUTFIT.

COUPON. Post in ½d. unsealed envelope.

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J.B.

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GREAT OFFER

JOHN BULL'S

CASH THE COUPONS

TRASH TOO, "JOHN BULL"

"I wish to thank you for the 'JOHN BULL' Pen, which I received in good condition. I am very pleased with it, and prefer to use it to one which I paid 15/- for. . . ."

—Mr. A. E. Smith, 16, The Crescent, Evesham, Derbyshire.

"JOHN BULL'S" PEN COUPON.

This Coupon with P.O. for 3/9 plus 6d. postage and insurance, entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling pen with 14-carat gold nib, lucky mascot and CHARTERED 5 YEARS. Additional coupons on 4/6 Offer (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment each, remitter as 3d. off the price. You may send 5 coupons and P.O. for 14/6 plus 6d. postage and insurance. State if fine, medium, broad or oblique nib. Posted 24 hrs. after. Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 134-135, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

3D

OILSKIN LEGGINGS & SOU'-WESTER GIVEN FREE

GENUINE OFFER TO FIRST 500 CUSTOMERS ONLY SENDING FOR LARGE STORM CAPE.

Extra full size, made of finest quality Oilskin. GUARANTEED ABSOLUTELY WATERPROOF and non-sticking. Slanting opening at the neck. Tapes for handlebar adjustment. Double sewn throughout.

GOLD or BLACK **5/-** POST 6d. or C.O.D.

FREE GIFT of full-size Leggings (30 in.) with wide adjustable braces, also full-size Sou'-Wester with double brim to complete set. Send 5/- today for the Cape, plus 6d. postage (or C.O.D. if preferred) and receive Leggings and Sou'-Wester absolutely free. Nothing more to pay.

CASH BACK IF DISSATISFIED.

Mark envelope A. J. R. Co. Liquidation Stock.

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IN DEAL OR CEDARWOOD from **5'** cash

DELIVERY FREE ENGLAND and WALES, RAIL or LORRY

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8	6	77/6	5/-	7/-
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Send for your copy of 1938 Art Catalogue FREE and post free

SOUTH WESTERN ASSURANCE CO., LTD Dept. S, Sloane Road, Sutton, S.W.4. Fol. 6120

FULL-LENGTH BED CHAIR 17'6!

or 1/- Weekly.

Solid Oak frame. Velvet cord cushions any colour. Fitted spring seats. Call and inspect or send for Cat. J. of bargains in upholstered chairs, bed, and dining-room suites. Cheques, pay. letters and crossed P.O.s to:—

Carr. & Pack. 2/6

NORTH BUCKS DIRECT TRADING CO. LTD., 52, Shaftesbury Ave., Piccadilly Circus, London, W.1.

ENORMOUS FASHION HOUSE LIQUIDATION STOCK of Genuine SUNBEAM DRESSES 3/11

The very latest dresses in very latest colours with latest Sunbeam skirts having Permanent Pleats which simply will not fall out. The West End's newest style of fine quality material. 160" British. Ideal in mode and quality for all occasions. It has the FULLY PLEATED SWING SKIRT. Colours: Blue Pink, Green, Beige or Brown. Sizes: S.W., W., W.X. (O.S. 1/6 extra). Stocks strictly limited, so order at once.

MAIL PRODUCTIONS (Dept. J.B.S.E.6), 91, NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.C.1

Portable BUILDING CONSTRUCTION REVOLUTIONISED!

WONDERFUL NEW EVERLASTING WOOD

Write at once for Free Catalogue of these amazing buildings: Sheds, Garages, Greenhouses, etc., in beautiful Red Cedar, the everlasting wood which will not decay, warp or shrink. Needs no painting or preservative! Prices from 27/6. EASY TERMS. Free Delivery all areas. Send NOW to The Cedar Specialists,

2/- DOWN

R. H. HALL & CO. (Kent), Ltd. (83T) Paddock Wood, KENT.

GENUINE LONDON BUS DRIVERS' OVERCOATS 13'6

Part Post 1/- extra.

A rare opportunity which should not be missed. Genuine London Bus Drivers' Overcoats, only very slightly worn. Full double-breasted style, with Leather cuffs and leather-bound pockets. Heavy Navy Cloth. Large collar. Full double warmth cloth lined. Ideal for Lorry Drivers, Motor Cyclists, Road and Farm Workers, etc. Each garment has been cleaned and pressed, will give many years of hard service. All sizes 36 to 46 in. chest—state chest and height when ordering. Originally cost 75s. Must not be confused with similar garments offered at lower prices which have been officially condemned as unfit. Each Garment we sell has passed guaranteed Official Test. ORDER NOW—only a small quantity available. Satisfaction or cash refunded.

J. WHITEFIELD REID & CO., 29, Kirby St., London, E.C.1

LUXURY PRESS BUTTON RADIO FOR 5/- DOWN

Enjoy world reception with a PETO SCOTT All-Wave Receiver. Save pounds by buying direct from makers.

6-VALVE ALL-WAVE BATTERY SUPERHET with six station Press-Button and Manual Tuning. Brilliant performance.

Model 9033. £8 8s., or 5/- down and 18 monthly payments of 10/8.

5-VALVE ALL-WAVE A.C. SUPERHET, as illustrated with Press-Button and Manual Tuning. Model 9084. £10 10s. 0d., or 11/6 down and 18 monthly payments of 12/7.

FREE! 36-PAGE COLOUR BROCHURE OF 1939 MODELS FROM £5 15s. to £15 15s.—YOURS FOR THE ASKING!

PETO SCOTT CO., LTD., Dept. J.B.1, 77, City Road, E.C.1. Est. 1919.

BANISH BUNIONS!

BEFORE

Are your great toes inclined so that they crush the other toes against the shoe—cause bunions at the joints and make a torture of walking? ALSTON'S

Scientific Great Toe STRAIGHTENER

AFTER

will end all this and train the great toes into correct position, reduce bunions and relieve shoe pressure. Made on scientific principles; simply adjusted, comfortable and invisible in wear. No metal or anything to hurt. Send for this new ease to-day—only 3/6 each or 6/6 per pair, post free, sent by return. Fits either foot. State size of shoe. Money back if not satisfied. *Obtainable only from*

BRITISH INDIA RUBBER CO., Foot Comfort Specialists, J.B., 168, TERMINUS ROAD, EASTBOURNE.

£4 Again! it's Easy Money!

So easy, in fact, that it takes just a few minutes of your spare time each week. You have no samples to carry or selling to do, and everything you need to see you through is provided free. What other hobby gives you such an opportunity?

Running "Worldwide" Clubs amongst your acquaintances is the friendliest hobby in the world and you can make from £2 up to £5 and more as easily as shelling peas.

No experience is necessary—success is certain. You also help your friends, they buy direct from our warehouse on simple 1/- weekly terms, saving up to 5/- and more in the £ on their Fashions, Footwear, Men's and Children's Clothing, Furniture, Crockery and Household Goods of every description.

Don't be left out—post the coupon at once for all particulars—FREE, and without any obligation.

WORLDWIDE WHOLESALE WAREHOUSES, Charles Street, Manchester, 1.

Please send me free and without any obligation your Bargain Catalogue and Booklet, "Here's Extra Money for You," showing how I can make from £2 up to £5 and more in my spare time.

Name M..... (Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address .....

J.B.137 .....

Send in unsealed envelope, ½d. stamp only required.

HARD CASH for Spare Time

FOR HOLIDAYS AND WEEK ENDS — Latest Transparent STORMPROOF 1/9 RAIN CAPE

Big purchase enables us to offer this emergency full-length lady's Rain Cape for the amazingly low price of 1/9 (post 3d.). Gives complete protection against heaviest rainstorm, yet folds to fit in your handbag. Extremely light weight. On in a jiffy—unfold, wrap round shoulders and fasten with tape. A bargain if ever there was! Send NOW p.o. 2/- to:—

Wm. PENN Ltd. (Dept. R.O./14), 623, Holloway Road, London, N.19.

LIGHT WEIGHT FOLDS FOR HANDBAG

PIANO ACCORDIONS 1/-

Bonelli, Stoldoni, Visonnie, Pancotti, Hohner, Cruciannelli.

£4.4.0 value for 42/-

Piano Finished Cabinet. "Stoldoni" Metal bound Bellows, triple Chord Action. Complete with shoulder-strap, 21 Piano Keys, 8 Basses. Cash price 42/-, or 2/- first instalment, balance 4/- monthly until 42/- is paid. Elaborate Tutor. Also Superior De Luxe Model at 50/-, same terms. List of models with 25 Keys, 12 Bass; 25 Keys, 24 Bass; 34 Keys, 48 Bass; 41 Keys, 120 Bass, on terms. J. A. DAVIS & CO. (Dept. J.B./42), 94/104, Denmark Hill, London, S.E.5.

FREE

1939 READICUT 1/- BOOK OF RUGS AND ACTUAL WOOL SAMPLES

Shows how we supply complete Rugmaking Outfits with WOOLS CUT READY FOR PUTTING INTO THE CANVAS and patent new Rug Hook. Book illustrates 100 New Rug Designs in full colours. Send 2d. stamps for postage, packing, etc.

READICUT WOOL CO. LTD., DEPT. 121. OSSETT, YORKS.

for 8/- Down

you can get a Riley "Home" Billiard Table, carriage paid, on 7 Days' Free Trial. Pay balance monthly. Write for Art List, also listing the famous Riley "Combine" Billiard and Dining Tables.

32 Free Billiard Tables. Write for details.

E. J. RILEY LTD., Anson Works, Accrington and Dept. 12, 147, Aldersgate Street, London, E.C.1.

GENUINE LONDON BUS DRIVERS' REEFER COATS 7/9 part post 6d. extra

Full double warmth, wool-lined. Ideal for LANDWORKERS, LORRY DRIVERS, MOTOR CYCLISTS AND ALL OUTDOOR WORKERS. Genuine London Bus Drivers' Coats, only very slightly worn. Each garment has been cleaned and pressed and ready to give many years of hard service. Only thoroughly sound Coats in perfect condition are sent out. Heavy Navy Cloth, double-breasted, leather cuffs, leather-bound pockets. State chest—All sizes 36in.—42in. These garments originally cost £3 6, and are only rarely available to the public. Only a small quantity to offer—early ordering is advisable.

CASH BACK IF DISSATISFIED. Each garment we sell has passed official test.

J. WHITEFIELD REID & CO., 29, Kirby St., London, E.C.1

SALE PRICE WRIST WATCH REAL GOLD PLATED WARRANTED 10 YEARS

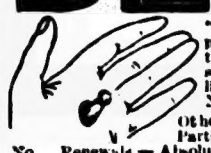
4/11 POST 6d

ANOTHER COLOSSAL PURCHASE of closing factory's entire stock enables us to offer this genuine lever lady's real gold-plated expanding bracelet watch—made for Australian market to be sold at a much higher price—direct from us at a price we expect valuers know to be a world-wide achievement, ranking us as the British House for Amazing Bargains. 4/11, post 6d. Warranted 10 years. Gent's square model same price. Send NOW. Immediate Dispatch.

MAIL PRODUCTIONS (Dept. J.B.B.C.16), 91, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

Positively the Greatest Bargain ever offered to the

DEAF



"Size of a Sixpence Earphone" (no battery) offered this week for 25/-. Previously sold at £7-7-0. The greatest little deaf-aid ever designed. No Batteries—No Wires—No Other Parts—No Renewals—Absolutely Invisible. Amazing Power. Never before has such a bargain been offered to the Deaf.

This Week 25/- only Previously £7-7-0

30 DAYS' FREE TRIAL

SEND NAME AND ADDRESS for 30 days' FREE TRIAL. Send now. D. & J. Hill, Ltd., Home Trial Dept. 245, Oxford St., London, W.1 (over Oxford Circus Tube Stn.). Hours 10 to 6, Saturdays 10 to 1. *Supplied under National Health Benefit.*

WANTED

ONE HUNDRED PERSONS (EITHER SEX) WHO ARE READY TO EARN A HANDFUL OF £1 NOTES BY SPARE TIME WORK BETWEEN NOW AND XMAS.

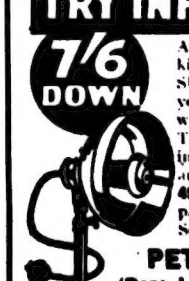
A handful of £1 notes by Christmas to spend on little luxuries for yourself, on some things you have been wanting, or on presents for others—**you can have a handful!**

Send a postcard to us asking for our Private Christmas Card Sample Book, and we will send you the book and full particulars, free of charge. You are not asked for any deposit nor to outlay any of your own money. Our Sample Book contains by far the finest selection of private Christmas Greeting Cards, abounding in Novelties, amazing variety, remarkable Calendars of Imitation Oil Paintings, Animal Studies, beautiful pictures in Bromide, Coloured Scenes and Flower Subjects, dainty Notepapers, Bookmarks, etc. A masterpiece of the choicest and best. Your friends and acquaintances will be delighted to buy these from you, there is something for everybody's taste and needs, one pleasing one person and another pleasing someone else. We pay you handsomely and there are valuable prizes in addition. Apply at once and be the first to start.

J. RENSHAW & SONS, Ltd. (Dept. R. 153), Climax Works, Accrington.

RHEUMATISM? TRY INFRA-RED RAYS

7/6 DOWN



Away with Rheumatic Pains and all kindred ailments. Enjoy SAFE, SURE treatment in the privacy of your own home at fractional cost with GIPLEX INFRA-RED RAYS. The THERMO PENETRATIVE invisible Rays soothe away pain and bring immediate relief. Price 49/6 or 7/6 down and 8 monthly payments of 6/-. For A.C. or D.C. Send for free leaflet.

PETO SCOTT CO. LTD. (Dept. J.B.2) 77, City Rd, London, E.C.1 *Britain's Great Mail Order House.* Est. 1919

There Is

"Had lost all my hair, including eyelashes and eyebrows."
"Was completely bald at back of head."—D.L.
"I would have lost my hair completely."

These and the photographs below show the splendid results of using Mr. Frederick Godfrey's Preparation,

GREAT AUTUMN

TO "JOHN

NO more generous offer can ever have been made to those whose hair is deficient in quantity, colour or quality, than that announced here by Mr. Frederick Godfrey, the most widely known Hair Specialist in the world to-day.

1st LESSON OF THE GOOD-HAIR-FOR-LIFE-COURSE AND TRIAL SUPPLY OF REMARKABLE NEW HAIR TONIC SENT FREE TO ALL WHO POST COUPON BELOW

WONDERFUL HAIR GROWER

Not only is he ready to send a Free Trial supply of his famous RADIO-ACTIVE BACTERICIDAL HAIR TONIC, specially prepared in Matlock, Bath, the home of the thermal springs, but he promises, in addition, to send a copy of his famous Book on Hair Growth and maintenance, and a Personal Letter of Advice on each applicant's personal Hair Troubles, together with full particulars of an original plan under which you pay by small weekly instalments for a short period only whilst your new hair growth or improvement is actually taking place, and you are securing "Good Hair for Life."

YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE ASSURED

Already hundreds of thousands of men and women have to thank Mr. Godfrey for removing the traces of age as evidenced by falling or greying locks; even quite bald people have secured splendid healthy hair growth once again under Mr. Godfrey's skilled advice.

MARVELLOUS IMPROVEMENT REPORTED

SEND NO MONEY

**By a special arrangement readers of this newspaper are to receive a Trial Supply of Frederick Godfrey's famous Radio-Active Bactericidal Hair Tonic and the first Lesson of the "Good Hair for Life" course FREE.*

£1,000 GUARANTEE that the brief reports printed here are genuine extracts from letters in Mr. Godfrey's possession. They are selected from many thousands of similarly appreciative letters.

All whose hair is FALLING, GOING GREY, LOSING LUSTRE, OR IS IN ANY WAY WEAK OR DEFICIENT should seize this opportunity of testing the wonderful preparation which has played so important a part in accomplishing such marvellous improvement for those who have already put it to the test.

FREE EXPERT ADVICE

Mr. Frederick Godfrey, as mentioned, will also give free of charge or obligation his expert advice upon any hair trouble from which you may be suffering. The coupon below when completed is all he requires, and immediately upon receipt, your Special Free Trial Supply of Bactericidal Hair

YOU CAN SECURE SIMILAR BENEFITS FOR YOUR HAIR

New hair has quite covered the bald patches on top and back of head.
—Miss E. S.
"Three months ago was quite grey and nearly bald."
"Four big bald patches on head for 5 years." Now has a head of hair of which any lady would be proud.

No Need to be BALD, GREY *or* Thinly Thatched—

Simply Post the Form Below

Bald patches covered.
"My hair was thin, scraggy and Now it is becoming stronger every day."
"I was bald all over my head. My hair has been fully restored."
"I now have a perfect head of hair. Ten thousand thanks for Treatment. It's a Marvel."

a FREE Supply of which is to be sent to every reader who applies on the Form at foot of this page.

HAIR OFFER

BULL" READERS

Tonic will be forwarded together with the illustrated booklet, letter of advice and the 1st Lesson of the wonderful 'Good Hair for Life' course of home treatment.

GOOD HAIR FOR LIFE

This is Mr. Godfrey's unique offer to readers. Accept it and ensure Healthy and Beautiful Hair permanently. Readers are earnestly recommended to take immediate advantage of this offer to secure free advice and full particulars by posting the form at foot of page to-day.

IT COSTS NOTHING TO TEST

It is also well worth every man and woman's while to take up, even if they have no special Hair failing, because it will ensure the Hair always appearing at its best—in fact, "Good Hair for Life."

The first step is to fill in and post the form at foot.

"My hair is growing nicely. I was quite bald six weeks ago."

Before
After six weeks
"Everybody is admiring my good head of hair."
"The bald patch at the back of my head is completely covered. The hair came on by leaps and bounds."
AFTER
BEFORE

FILL IN: CUT OUT AND POST WITHOUT DELAY

To

MR. FREDERICK GODFREY

("J.B." Special Offer Dept.),
Whatstandwell, Derbyshire.

Please send me Free Trial Supply and particulars of your "Good-Hair-for-Life" Course on Easy Payment Terms. Also your Book and first lesson Free.

My Hair Trouble is underlined :—

Baldness (Extensive), Bald Patches, Greyness, Hair Falling Out, Scurf, Dandruff,

I enclose two 1½d. stamps to cover postage and packing.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

Please Print in Block Capitals .....

If a 6d. Sachet of the famous Godfrey Follex Shampoo is also required (at half price), please enclose extra 3d. stamps (6d. in all) and make a cross in this square ☐

"John Bull," 3/9/38.

FOOTBALL POOLS SENSATION!!!

GET YOUR STAKE MONEY FREE THIS YEAR!

Amazing CASH SAVING idea for every reader of this paper who smokes cigarettes. Wonderful NO-FRILL packing of popular cigarettes presents thousands with HARD CASH to pay their investments—to the tune of

2/1d EVERY WEEK!

An extra TWO SHILLINGS and ONE PENNY—pressed into your palm every week—*free!*—to pay your football pool investments for you! Not a MAY-BE-WON prize but a WILL-BE-WON prize—yours for the asking—every week this winter! This is the biggest news in the history of the Pools—for EVERY Pools investor who is an average smoker!

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO . . . Say you smoke 30 full-size cigarettes a day. (Most hard-working men do). You simply switch over to the new, full-size, mild, cool and refreshing PLUS TWO cigarettes, at 24 for 11½d.—as big and as good in every way as the best 'ten-for-sixpennies'★—and you will collect TWO shillings and ONE penny EXTRA cash, saved out of your cigarette money, at the end of *every* week.

Amazing—but it's TRUE—and no sensible man can ignore it. See for yourself HOW it works out—

SEE HOW YOU GET IT!

All this money saved on smoking—*without cutting down smoking!* Say you (or you and your wife together) smoke 30 full-size cigarettes a day—by switching to full-size PLUS TWO'S you save more than 2/- EVERY WEEK! Thousands of PLUS TWO SAVERS collect their money in a money box—or you could use an empty tin. See how the cash rolls in—

30 a day at 10 for 6d 210 cigarettes a week .	10'6
30 a day at 24 for 11½d, 12 for 6d, 6 for 3d 210 cigarettes a week . . .	9/5
PLUS TWO SAVING EVERY SATURDAY	2/1

★ **HOW WE CAN AFFORD TO DO IT:** Plus Two cigarettes are packed plainly, without expensive frills and wrappings. Thousands of smokers complained that 'you can't smoke wrappings.' Only because Godfrey Phillips have *cut out costly frills* in packing Plus Two's—and because they KNOW that a tremendous demand will be created—can they afford to give you 12 full-size standard cigarettes for the price of 10. When you open the big 11½d. packet, there are *four* extra full-size cigarettes waiting to be lit. Remember—only a *full-size* cigarette gives a *full-flavour* smoke.

FULL SIZE PLUS TWO

GODFREY PHILLIPS LTD, LONDON, ENGLAND

12 for 6d — **24 for 11½d** — **6 for 3d**

ACT NOW! There will be tremendous demand for PLUS TWO'S at tobacconists everywhere, as thousands of clear-thinking men read this announcement. DO NOT RISK DISAPPOINTMENT—make sure of your first packet of Plus Two's at once. After two or three packets you will wonder why you ever wasted 2/1d. a week more on your smoking—money that might NOW be bringing you a fortune! Say 'PLUS TWO'S PLEASE.'

ALSO CORK TIPPED—BLUE BOXES

JOHN BULL

93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.

Thursday, for week ending
Saturday, September 3, 1938.

A BRITISH INSTITUTION

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

Shun the Rota Dodge! Germs in the Air Rates Rumpus

VERY soon you will be hearing a lot about a new-fangled idea for the purpose of what is called "controlling the consequences of unemployment."

Trades union executives and others whose job it is to guard the levels of working-class life will have to be on the alert.

For there is a nasty threat to the masses in this plausible plan.

Camouflage

It is a brain-wave from a group of high-placed Civil Servants. Indirectly, they have got the ear of a number of Ministers, and so impressed them that danger is already deeper than might be suspected.

Their proposal is known as the Rota system of working.

Bolstered up by unemployment and public funds, it would give the appearance of largely wiping out the melancholy total of 1,800,000 workless people.

Half-and-Half

In effect, the scheme is just this:—

If a factory normally employs, say, a hundred workers, but has work available only for fifty, it should not go on ordinary short-time or dismiss the other fifty.

Each half would work three full days and go on the "dole" for three days alternately.

Strictly, it is quite legal to use the Unemployment Fund in this way.

Lowering Wages

But, even in the case of a married worker with two children, the family income, so subsidised by the "dole" on its present scale, would be less than the average minimum wage.

What would happen quickly, of course, is that wage and living standards of *all* people in depressed industries would be further debased.

That is why John Bull intends to be relentlessly hostile.

The Children Suffer

Unemployment's effects are seen in undernourishment, lowered resistance to disease, apathy of mind. Read the report of Dr. John D. Kershaw, medical officer of health for Accrington.

Learn how even the sturdy Lancashire character can be undermined by the ravages of worklessness, how the traditional humour, initiative, tenacity and farsightedness yield place to hopelessness and helplessness.

Read, too, how the misfortunes of the fathers are visited upon the children. Life will be hard enough for these youngsters. Yet underfeeding cramps their chances from the start.

Feed Them!

Dr. Kershaw is fighting in the van of the unemployment battle-front. The breadth and sympathy of his report are a credit to the great calling which he serves.

At least give these children enough to eat, he says, add to their diet at the public expense! But, better still, he argues, give all enough to buy the food that they need.

Raise incomes above the poverty line! Grant higher unemployment allowances!

Lungs for Life

Here's a victory for John Bull. Officialdom is waking up to our demand for more "iron lungs" in British hospitals. These machines are vital to life in many cases. But they are costly. Many hospitals lack them.

Now, on a hint from the Ministry of Health, local authorities are to consider installing them in their infectious diseases hospitals.

Such purchases, say the Ministry, will be approved by Government auditors. Small authorities should share an iron lung with their neighbours.

New Peril

Old ills are conquered; but new risks beset us. Latest fear is spread of disease by aeroplanes—for example, by carriage of germ-bearing insects.

At most airports, aircraft are disinfected or disinfested. This will soon be universal. But what of forced landings or remote refuelling stations?

Disinfect while in flight! That's the advice of scientists. They are working out a way to do it. Soon they'll succeed.

Silent Service

Their work will then become embodied in the vast routine of international prevention, that silent service which, almost unbeknown to the ordinary man, protects civilisation against plague and pestilences.

Note how nations thus co-operate at trifling cost and without fuss to keep wholesale death at bay. Compare how they vie in lavishing treasure and limelight on their military might.

Man's ingenuity cheats Nature of her prey; his stupidity brings upon him a scourge of his own making!

Muddle Ending

Still, we can't keep out of the arms race.

And, since we must join in, let us at least be thorough.

Our defence preparations have been accompanied by much muddle. John Bull has told you all about that.

But gradually the confusion is vanishing. Order emerges.

National Register

One sign of that progress is the proposal, shortly to be urged publicly, for a National Register.

Enemies of this scheme are already practising their battlecries, prating of "the liberty of the individual."

Take no notice!

Prepare for the worst, though you work for the best!

A National Register would mean that if ever the worst did happen every citizen could step instantly and smoothly into the post best suited for him.

Rates Storm Brewing

There's going to be a rumpus over rating. London's demand for reform is being echoed by towns great and small.

You can expect a first-class Parliamentary battle in the autumn. And you can help. Pester your local M.P. to side with those who want rates reduced by the simple, fair method of making those pay most who can best afford it!

Exploiting the Nation

Stop the folly of making small traders subsidise the premises of great merchant corporations! End the crushing burden placed on the shoulders of private residents!

In short, the wealthy landowners—many of them speculators—must pay their fair share of rates.

We'll add one more example to the many we have recently quoted: Burnley has had to pay £10,185 for some land that has hitherto been de-rated except for a small part occupied by wooden huts. And the rates on that part amounted to only £20 16s.!

Mixed Schooling

American co-eds—girl-students from "mixed" colleges—have been asked whether they like co-education. Some said, Yes. Some, No. As you'd expect.

Much learned ink has been spilled over co-education. Most of it to no purpose, so far as this country is concerned. It's certainly a good thing that boys and girls should meet each other in natural and healthy circumstances.

Friends

But the great majority of children in Britain attend day-schools. If boys and girls don't meet each other at school, they can do so at home.

In large families, boys meet their sisters' friends and girls their brothers' chums. Parents of small families should encourage their children to make friends with others—of both sexes.

Officialdom is waking up to our demand for more "iron lungs"

WE'RE REARMING GERMANY

HUGE consignments of scrap steel and iron are being shipped from Britain to Germany.

To make munitions and build the Rhineland fortifications!

Big stocks of surplus pig-iron are also accumulating at our blast furnaces and rolling mills.

Yet public development schemes are held up by the Cabinet on the plea of steel shortage!

Seven blast furnaces closed down last month. Many steelworks are on half-time.

And there are other evidences of muddle throughout the industry.

The chief reason for all this is that the ring which controls iron and steel is refusing to reduce prices.

Industries which use steel are therefore refusing to buy. So iron and steel production was half a million tons less last month than at the beginning of the year.

Unless the ring scales down prices, all industry will be severely hit.

Write to "John Bull" About it

Voice of the People

I HAVE just returned from Oslo, Helsingfors and Stockholm.

I saw beautiful blocks of flats for the masses, let on the principle of the bigger the family the smaller the rent.

There were beautiful gardens for the flat-dweller to look upon.

Fountains in the park were not mere ornaments. Children paddled in them—in safety.

And municipal hospitals were four shillings a week *maximum*, no matter how wealthy you are, but free if you are poor. The rest was paid by the State.—Mrs. A. Darby, 23, Elton Street, Bishopston, Bristol.

Yet there are politicians who tell British taxpayers that we are a nation of pampered, spoon-fed people—and get away with it. The truth is that this country is lagging badly in social service. The misers are all in Whitehall nowadays.

Age in Penury

I have collected five sets of figures from workhouses—institutions, if it sounds better.

They show that the cost per head of maintaining five different people who have accepted sanctuary is: (a) £1 4s. 2d.; (b) £1 3s. 1d.; (c) £1 2s. 11d.; (d) £1 1s. 0d.; (e) £1 0s. 5d.

Then how can the wealthiest country in the world expect the old 'uns to maintain themselves in comfort on less than half those sums?—James Thornton-Brown.

The wealthiest country in the world wants them to have more, but the Government of the wealthiest country in the world is so damnably mean.

Shady Business

With the help of my dictionary I can prove beyond any possible doubt that black *is* white.

Thus: White is pale: pale is wan; wan is faint; faint is obscure; obscure is dark; dark is black.—Perl Davies, Brook Cottage, Fochriw, Bargoed, Glam.

No Consolation

Tendering half-a-crown at a post office, I was given it back broken into two pieces.

As it might have been my only coin in the world, surely it was wrong to smash it—bad though it had proved to be. Surely I should have had the right to take it back intact to the shop where I had been given it?—H. M. T., Argyle Road, Poulton, Blackpool.

Everyone has a right to test a coin by strain. If it breaks, the base metal must be handed back to whoever tendered it, whose property it remains.

Can You Beat It?

There are only seven workers in a small slipper warehouse in the Rossendale Valley.

W. W. (traveller) has thirty-two years' service; W. T. (traveller) twenty-eight years; W. H. (traveller) twenty-six; R. S. J. (cashier) twenty-two; W. S. (warehouseman) twenty-four; J. E. (myself) eighteen; and J. G. (order clerk) fifteen.

Between the seven of us, 165 years. An average of more than 23½ years' continuous employment for everybody in the firm. Is this a record?—J. M. Eastham, 50, Blackwood Road, Stackstead.

If it isn't, we'll announce it.

Marathon

My work calls for an early start, and I left home at 3.30 a.m. to find a man walking briskly in front of me.

Hating to be outwalked, I quickened my step—whereupon he went faster. I speeded up a bit more, and he started to run. I ran, so he went like the wind.

Burglar? — F. Stirling, 63, Candia Street, Liverpool, 5.

It Works—at Last

Who hasn't put pennies in Post Office stamp machines, losing the pennies and getting no stamps?

Well, Tredegar postal officials have set a tiny electric bulb inside the mechanism. No bigger than a flash-lamp bulb, it keeps the reels of stamps dry and so ensures that you get what you pay for. It is a great success.—M. Payne, 9, Hill Street, Newport, Mon.

Although some of the most complicated machinery in the country is owned by the G.P.O., nothing has given the technical experts of that department more or worse headaches than stamp machines. They have found that humidity causes majority of the failures, and have now embodied a Pipette lamp in the design where electricity supply from a post office is available. Scores are being fitted daily.

£2,000 Prank

Whatever you may think of the fines of one pound each on the young Army officers who painted four megaliths at Stonehenge, what do you say about this?:—

In 1824, Lieutenant Goldsmith, nephew of the poet, with his boat's crew of nine men, displaced the Logan Rock, near Land's End. The lieutenant was ordered to replace it. And the cost of doing so was £2,000.—Miss C. L. Wood, 18, The Rise, Morris Lane, Leeds, 5.

The Logan Rock is a famous rocking stone.

Sleight of Hand

A relative of mine has just been caught by the old linoleum trick exposed by JOHN BULL.

But how comes it that although two keen-eyed people stood at the door and saw the door-to-door tout measure off 10 yds. they found there was only 5 yds. when they got the roll inside?—Miss R. Bennett, 10, Moore Crescent, Houghton-le-Spring, Co. Durham.

In turning the roll, the measure is made to skid over the linoleum. The trick calls for great expertness. Some of the men wax their measures to make deception easier.

Tell Us—

what you are thinking about. Interesting things you've seen. Interesting things you've done.

So write to the "Voice of the people," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

We pay 10s. 6d. for each letter published, and an extra 10s. 6d. if we use your own drawing or photograph illustrating the letter. And there are other pages where your co-operation is cordially welcomed—pages where you can help us to help you.

Sir Wyndham Childs .... Page 15
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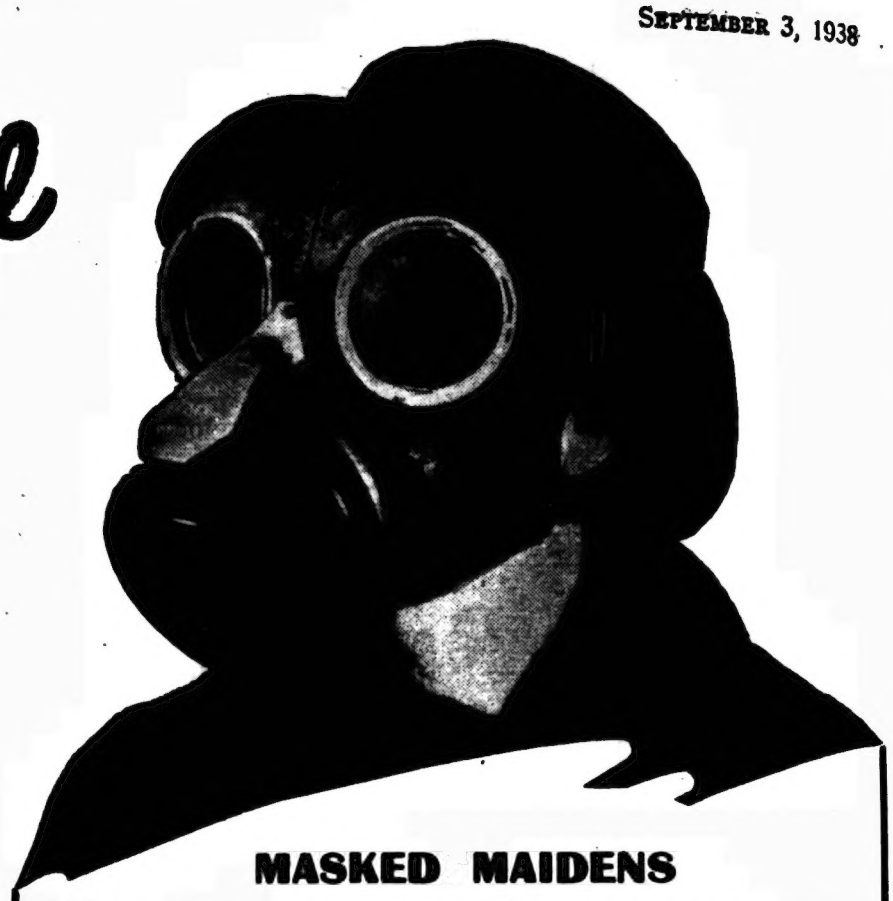


MASKED MAIDENS

Remember the old sneer at women who became W.A.A.C.s, W.R.E.N.s, V.A.D.s or in countless other ways stood behind our fighters in the last war? "They wanted to dress up in a pretty uniform!"

Well, they certainly won't say that next time, as my photograph shows.—Miss G. Pennethorne, The Hill House, Lindfield, Haywards Heath, Sussex.

YOU WOMEN!

I have been growing up with a very low opinion of the Modern Miss. She seems so conceited and vain.

So I hated one in particular who joined my evening school class looking like a hard-boiled, over-painted doll without an ounce of brains.

But now that she's topped the list at examinations with an average of 96 per cent., beating me hollow—and, well, I'm wondering.—C. H. J., Lanark.

★

How proud is the pushful wife who is always talking about how she helped her man to get on.

But what doubtful "success" she gives her man!

Wielding so much petty authority that her husband daren't go home year after year admitting to no progress or rise, she forces him to release his suppressions in some other way.

He gets on, certainly, but she makes him into that terrible tyrant—the overbearing chief.—J. A. Plummer, 16, Clapton Passage, Lower Clapton Road, E.5.

I am just waking up to how good a good woman can be. I lie in a hospital bed, admiring my nurses.

What patience! What tact! What good humour! How wonderful they are!

I would pension every one of them after ten years' work.—Mr. A. F. Carribine, Ward U., Walton Hospital, Liverpool.

(P.S.—Excuse writing. I am in pain and lying awkwardly.)

★

I work in a factory with 100 women. Daily I am watching them tear the heart of one of their own number with their gossip.

She inherited a little money, just enough to enable her to dress a little better than the rest.

For that reason the most lying innuendos are begun and circulated. You can deal with gangsters—but you can't with these travesties of the feminine sex, who do just as much damage.—Mr. L. S., Barnsley, Yorks.

YOU MEN!

To get the best out of a man a woman should encourage him to feel important. Without money he is miserable—far more so than a woman.

With money, with position, with a measure of power, he becomes more aggressive, but a better character in general.

Anyhow, the better a man considers himself, the better he will treat his womenfolk—so keep him feeling important.—Miss C. Aubrey, 29, Abermorlais Terrace, Merthyr Tydvil.

★

Men have strange ways of showing affection. For instance, a boy I have known for five years has hardly ever used my real name, calls me—

Old Pip, Catsmeat, Dogsbody, Fishface, Horace, Mole, Rastus, and many others in the same vein.

No wonder girls are left asking: "Is it love?"—Miss B. Fredericks, Westow Hill, S.E.19.

By far the most contemptible feature about Man is the thing on which he prides himself most—his generosity.

A man buys rounds of drinks and generally lavishes on others whatever he can—and sometimes can't—afford, simply to buy popularity. Usually the money belongs to his wife and children. *They* pay so that he'll have the name of a good fellow.—Miss H. C., Harrow.

★

In all races the brain of a man is about 10 per cent. heavier than that of a woman. The proportion is about the same in the Scots, who have the heaviest brains, and the Esquimaux, who have the lightest.

But you don't need any system of measuring or weighing to know that men have the lightest hearts!—Mrs. M. Marshall, 21, Bulstrode Street, W.1.

A. G. GARDINER tells you how rural Britain has awakened at last from its long sleep

Though still far from being a Paradise, the English village has magically changed in a lifetime

MY VILLAGE

DURING the past few weeks I have been vegetating in the country and seeing life from the countryman's angle.

And a very pleasant angle I find it.

No one who did not know, as I knew, the village life that Richard Jefferies portrayed sixty years ago can appreciate the revolution that has transformed rural England in the interval.

Hodge was then in the grip of the ancient feudalism that had tied him and his forebears to the soil for a thousand years.

He had no more contact with the outer world than his ancestors had two centuries ago, and the only social life that brightened the solitary labour of the fields was an occasional visit to the alehouse, then generally a place of quite inconceivable foulness.

No Escape

His wage was eighteen pence a day, his habitation little better than a pigsty, and his family was as divorced from the rudiments of civilised life as the cattle in the fields.

And the only vista that lay at the end of a life spent in following at the tail of the plough was the vista of the hated workhouse door, whither generation after generation of his sires had travelled before him.

If unemployment came or illness laid the breadwinner aside, there was no escape from the dreaded appeal to the relieving officer, who administered the beggarly "poor relief" in the spirit of an austere judge sentencing a convicted criminal.

When, with the memories of those days, I turn to the village of to-day I marvel and rejoice at the change which has come over the scene in the span of one lifetime.

In this pleasant countryside which lies in the heart of one of the most fertile vales in middle England I see all the evidences of this revival of rural life at work around me.

Security

Looking across the landscape my eye falls on a cluster of distant council houses, happily not "ribboning" the country lane in which they stand, but pleasantly grouped in a garden colony that adds a note of colour to the upland that stretches away towards the Cotswolds.

They are the new dwellings of the peasant, who no longer works for eighteen pence a day, but has a minimum wage fixed by the State, security against unemployment and the assurance which the old-age pension gives that he will not spend his last years in the workhouse.

And with this improvement in his material condition something else has happened which has changed his whole outlook on life.

World Citizen

He is no longer isolated among his hedgerows. He has become a citizen of the world.

The radio has wrought this miracle. It has brought the whole universe into the remotest village home and redressed the intellectual balance between the town dweller and the countryman.

There is not a cottage in the wide valley before me that has not got its wireless set; and through this agency everything that is going on from China to Peru streams in at first hand as free as the air we breathe or the sunshine in which we bask.

The sombre and barren evenings have become a round of entertainment and instruction, and the humblest kitchen resounds to the best that money can buy or the world can offer, from the grandest of grand opera and the oratory of kings and statesmen to the best way of making the roses and cabbages in the garden grow more luxuriantly.

It is this sense of being brought into the great current of human affairs that has transformed village life, banished its dullness and awakened its intelligence.

Magic Change

And there is another thing, hardly less potent than the radio, which has incidentally revolutionised the village.

It is the new life of the roads that has sprung up so magically in the last few years.

With the advent of the railways all movement was diverted from the highways.

The stream of life passed across country on iron wheels from town to town, and villages which had once echoed to the horn of the stage coach became more remote and solitary than they were in the eighteenth century.

Now the internal combustion engine has reversed the movement.

The highways have recovered all, and more than all, their ancient glory.

I look out on the main road that runs through the middle distance of this quiet landscape, and it is whirring with activity.

Motor-cars, buses, lorries flash by minute by minute and the *tempo* of village life is speeded up by this sense of a world in motion.

On the Move

The village is on the move, too.

No longer is the housewife restricted to the village shop. The motor-bus whisks her to the market town seven miles away and there she can spend her money more economically and, with her friends, enjoy the luxury of a weekly visit to the cinema.

Nor is this the only way in which the new spirit of the village has touched her. She has discovered a social life.

It centres in the women's institute which meets in the pleasant little village hall below—itself a new and significant expression of the corporate movement that is stirring the countryside.

Not less indicative of the changed times is the transformation of the village public-house.

Rebuilt

Here, as elsewhere, it has ceased to be the abomination it had become under the decadence of rural life.

It has been rebuilt, and with the return of activity to the highways, has recovered the prestige and decency of the ancient hostelry.

In this revitalising of village life not the least hopeful feature is the share which the children have in it.

The Boy Scouts and Girl Guides movements are creating a standard of discipline and social conduct that balances the larger freedom which the modern world concedes to youth.

And the graces of life are not neglected. Nothing is more delightful than the displays of country dancing which the young people of the village can stage on high days and holidays

With all the widening of the village horizon which the radio and the motor-car have brought there is no lessening of the spirit of local patriotism.

I have seen merrier cricket in the past month between the rival villages in the vale than was seen at the prolonged solemnity at the Oval last week, and I have spent much pleasurable time in comparing the merits of the carrots and onions, roses and apples at the village shows, which, at this season of the year, are the chief preoccupation of the rural world.

I hope I have not painted that world in too idyllic colours.

The English village is still very far from being an earthly Paradise, but that its life is richer, more various and better worth living than that of the English village of a generation or two ago cannot, I think, be seriously questioned.

Hopeful

That is a hopeful fact.

The trek to the towns has gone too far.

It has thrown the State out of balance, and nothing is more urgent than the revival of the village life.

For it remains as true at the present time as it was in Goldsmith's far-off days, that:—

". . . a bold peasantry, a nation's pride,
When once destroyed can never be supplied."

Write to "John Bull" About it

● The Underworld is quaking—for the Law is forcing the doors of its secret Treasure Vaults

How to HIDE a MILLION POUNDS

Tanfield and his wife in their luxury days

SO they're looking for Tanfield's Treasure.

And every crook in England is quaking at the knees.

For it means that at long last the authorities are really going to get to work on the swindle of the secret hoard.

No longer will sharepushers and master-criminals be able to retire to jail, confident that, on their release, they will have a comfortable fortune salted away in secret safe deposits.

Bankruptcy, their last ditch and strongest defence, will have been stormed.

In the case of Stanley Tanfield, whose conviction for sharepushing followed his exposure in JOHN BULL, it looks as if the bankruptcy trustee is going to lay his hands on the spoils of years of roguery.

We hope he does. And if Tanfield's treasure is discovered what about a dose of the same medicine for his fellows in crime?

Under our present system many of these men may quite legally retain large sums of money accumulated through their company operations.

But what have they done with the money?

For example, there is Henry Isaac Rothfield, known as "The Count," who is now doing four years' penal servitude.

Rothfield was prime mover in the Livingstone Trust, and it was stated in court that he and his associates robbed the public of thousands by these worthless shares.

Report put Rothfield's fortune at more than £250,000, but the old scoundrel has been through the Bankruptcy Court twice, and failed for £20,000.

Where's all the money gone?

Then there is Paul Maurice Darwin—another sharepusher now serving four years. He was before the Bankruptcy Court not long ago.

His personal liabilities exceeded £6,000, and his stated assets were valued at £100.

Bluntly the Registrar told Darwin that he had not disclosed all his assets.

For Darwin had admitted that at one time his capital was more than £200,000, and that he had earned £10,000 a year. He had been using five different names.

Where's all that money?

Jacob Factor, "King" of all sharepushers, took no less than £1,200,000 from small investors in this country, and Maurice Singer, who formerly had a fine house in Dulwich, nearly as much.

★ They're both in America now—in comfort.

Extradition proceedings against Factor were, unfortunately, of no avail.

While Factor was here, and the money rolling in, he used to transfer funds regularly to a nominee in the United States. That was how he piled up his hoard.

Harold Edward Guylee, now a five-year-term man in Maidstone Prison, netted £120,000 in one series of transactions alone, and he was operating in various ways for years.

Nobody knows what Guylee did with his money, but he did pay out thousands of pounds in the hope that he could stop the case against him.

Apparently Guylee believed that even a judge had his price!

One of the most cunning hoarders was Gerald Lee Bevan, responsible for the collapse of the City Equitable Fire Insurance Co. and associate concerns, with a loss of more than £4,000,000.

Bevan's personal bankruptcy yielded a dividend to creditors of only 3.14d. in the £.

Yet when Bevan finished his seven-year sentence he was able to put his hands on £20,000 "from a personal friend."

He went abroad, where other funds were hidden, married, and lived in comfort up to his death two years ago.

To his own benefit, Bevan despoiled investors and others of more than £450,000.

Where was that money hidden?

At the Old Bailey, Francis Lorang, of "Blue Bird" petrol, was given seven years for the fraudulent conversion of £317,000.

Now he is living untroubled in his native Luxembourg.

Tanfield's magnificent house, which has been searched in vain for his treasure

He says he can always make a comfortable £1,000 a year on the London Stock Exchange, and that £400 a year meets his present needs.

This from the man who once won £50,000 at cards, and used to spend £20 a day on a hotel suite!

He is living in comfort while others he ruined still suffer.

Well, having stolen a million, you can make a safe bet that the master criminal or sharepusher has taken a lot of trouble to hide the bulk of it.

He knows when the net is closing round, and he wants protection against the storm clouds gathering on the horizon.

Most popular method of hiding his loot is to invest it in the bearer bond securities of foreign Governments. It is popular because such transactions are almost untraceable.

Unfortunately—for the crooks—foreign stock is a bit shaky at present, so they have to find new methods.

For although they will lure the public into all kinds of wild-cat speculation, the crooks themselves always like something which is really "solid."

★ It used to be possible to have a number of banking accounts in bogus names, but that is not so reliable now.

Bankruptcy officials are too active and there is more information exchanged between the joint stock banks.

So the modern crook is going in for good property—sound bricks and mortar.

After the purchase, it is passed over to a nominee in exchange for a loan.

That loan appears on paper and in proper book-keeping entries, but it has never really been made.

The whole transaction is fictitious, but when clever men are at work, that is difficult to prove.

Of course it is not always easy in the underworld to find reliable nominees and friends, but there are still a few loyalties left—loyalties bred through fear.

After property comes jewellery and gold. Both are sure of fetching their price and can be hidden without much risk of detection.

Sometimes, of course, things don't go quite to plan.

Using a false name, one crook bought the best part of a street of houses in a South London suburb.

Before he could make any arrangements about the administration of the property he was arrested.

Imagine his dilemma. He dare not say anything, for he had been made bankrupt, and his known assets were £137 10s.

He had to trust to the luck of non-discovery.

★ For two years the tenants in the South London street were in clover.

There was no landlord to whom they could pay rent. When they made enquiries they were told that the property had changed hands and their landlord was "Mr. X."

But there was no trace of "Mr. X," or of any agent acting for him.

After serving his sentence, "Mr. X"—the missing landlord—appeared.

He was amazed to find that his ownership of the houses had escaped notice—but wisely made no claim for the two years' back rent. The property is still his.

Another lucky hoarder was the sharepusher who invested, through a nominee, in aeroplane shares, and came out of prison to find that his fortune had grown to four times its size.

Less fortunate, however, was the crook who made over £10,000 to a city accountant to be held on his behalf.

Finding himself in difficulties, the accountant dipped into the £10,000 and then went bankrupt

The news came to the crook while he was in prison. He was so broken by his loss that he was in hospital for a fortnight!

The doctor thought he might be mentally deranged.

For once in his life that crook had known what it was to suffer—to feel the anguish and heartbreak he, and the secret hoarders like him, had inflicted on their victims.

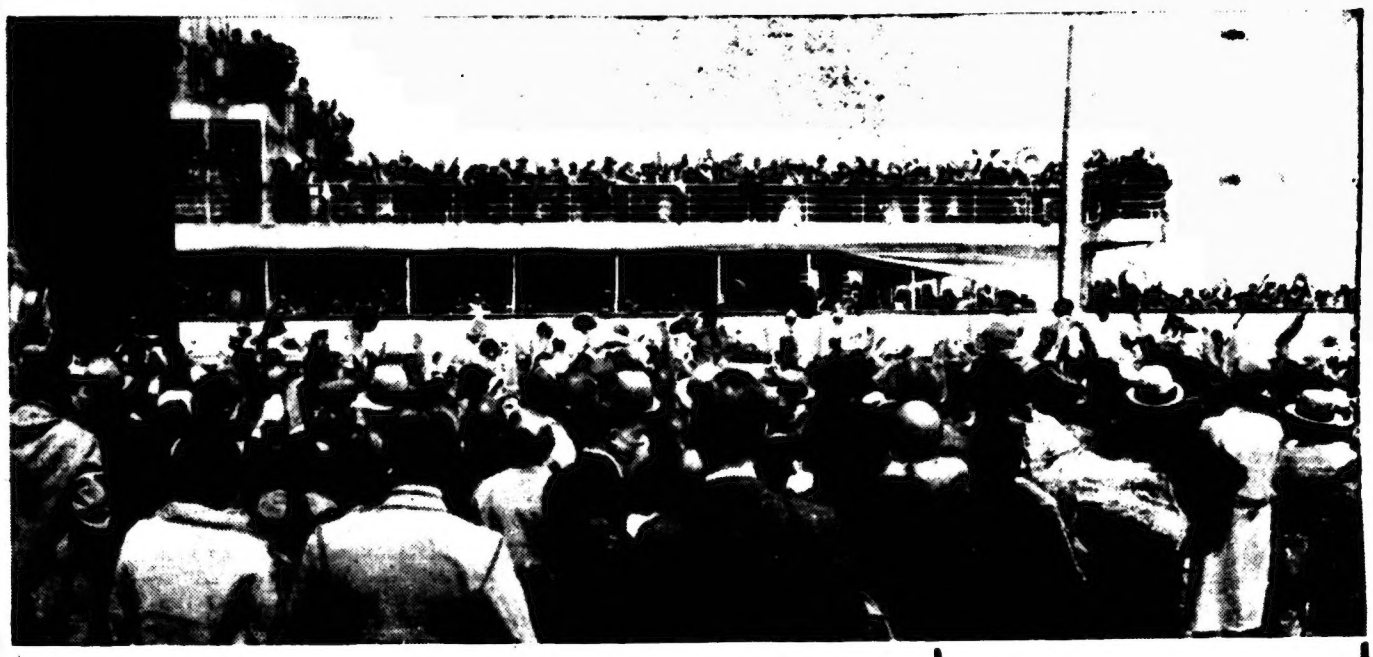
Same Name, but—

Regarding a paragraph in our columns recently concerning the activities of the "Sam Pittman Gang" and its swindles on farmers, Mr. G. Pittman, proprietor of the firm of "G. Meadows," salesmen and agents of the Borough Market, London, draws our attention to the fact that he has no association whatever with the Sam Pittman mentioned.

HOLIDAY TRAFFIC SCANDAL

● So many complaints have recently reached JOHN BULL about the scandalous conditions on boats taking holidaymakers to resorts outside the shores of Britain that we deputed a Special Commissioner to investigate them.

Here is his report, written immediately after he had endured what he called—



A crowded quay side scene during holiday time

The Worst Journey I Ever Made

EVEN at Waterloo it was plain that the journey was going to be unpleasant.

Every compartment of the Southampton train was packed with holidaymakers and their luggage. The corridors were impassable.

Still, the British traveller is resigned to discomfort on passenger trains in holiday times.

And, as everybody said hopefully, it would soon be over and we should be breathing fresh air on the deck of the boat that was to take us over the Channel.

How wrong we were!

We arrived at Southampton near midnight. No porters were available and passengers were obliged to stagger to the boat under the weight of their own luggage.

★ The plight of families carrying luggage and leading tired children was pathetic.

Shepherded into queues, we advanced slowly through the sheds, across railway lines and up the gangways to the waiting steamer *Hantonia*.

On board, we were again lined up and advanced slowly to a barrier on the deck.

The seaman in charge of the barrier called out brusquely:

"No more accommodation unless reserved. No berths available. Rugs and chairs will be provided on deck."

For nearly an hour after that piece of bad news passengers continued to throng round the barrier, many with children.

They pleaded for accommodation of any kind, but were met with: "No room, no berths. Full right up. You will have to sleep on deck."

Scores of passengers searched the ship for a place to rest. Appeals to the purser were unavailing. He was helpless.

The ship was packed to overflowing and there was not an inch of spare room.

At length the *Hantonia* sailed on her six-hour night journey. What followed was a dreadful experience.

A cold wind sprang up. Any attempt to sleep on deck became impossible.

Shivering, we drifted below, and by 2 a.m. only a few hardy travellers found it possible to withstand the bitter cold on deck.

The scene below was reminiscent of the old-time emigrant boats. Men, women and children lay huddled on the floors, the gangways, the stairways.

I had to step gingerly over scores of prostrate, doubled-up people who, as a change from being frozen, were now trying not to faint in the stifling heat.

Of course, many of them were in the throes of sea-sickness. . . .

At dawn all the weary and dishevelled passengers bore plain evidence of their shameful ordeal. Hard to realise that they were a crowd of holidaymakers who had come away to enjoy themselves!

★ On all sides there were loud and angry protests at the disgraceful treatment. Why should the railway company continue to sell us tickets after all the accommodation on the boat has been taken up?

The most indignant ones complained to the purser, some threatening to demand the return of their fares and pointing out that they had paid for and were entitled to reasonable accommodation.

They protested that no warning had been given by the railway company when tickets were being bought.

But the climax was still to come with the morning rush to toilets and washing places. Throughout the boat, for men and women, there was a scandalous lack of conveniences.

While that final scrum was in progress I made enquiries about the capacity of the *Hantonia* for cross-Channel passenger traffic during the period of holiday pressure.

I found that in the first-class section on this particular journey there was sleeping accommodation for 141 persons. Yet 163 people had been sold tickets and taken on board—and even 141, I should say, was about 40 too many.

The figures for the second class are worse. Passengers taken on board for this six-hour night crossing numbered 110, but the *Hantonia* provides sleeping accommodation, even of the primitive character I have described, for only 70 people.

Where does the Southern Railway, owner of the *Hantonia*, expect the surplus of passengers—on this voyage 62 above the *maximum*—to find the accommodation and decency to which human beings are entitled on a journey of this kind?

Or, having got the ticket money, doesn't it care?

Remember, the ordeal I have described is happening practically every night as long as the holiday season lasts.

★ And it is happening on far too many of the boats which are taking tens of thousands of holidaymakers to resorts outside these shores.

Enquiries JOHN BULL has made show that some of these floating pig-sties are hopelessly out of date.

No mention of their startling shortcomings is made in those enticing, dazzle-hued posters, rich in colour and eloquent in description, with which the owners of the boats lure holidaymakers.

It is left, therefore, to JOHN BULL to call attention to the scandalously inadequate facilities provided on far too many holiday boats and to condemn in the bluntest terms the callous indifference of the railway companies to the comfort of their passengers.

Thousands of returning holidaymakers will echo those sentiments.

Railway overcrowding is bad enough. Boat overcrowding is even worse.

The travelling public has the right to demand more boats, better services and better accommodation, and until those improvements are carried out to demand also that railway companies shall not continue to sell tickets when accommodation is all taken up

It is nothing short of shameful that human beings, on their one holiday of the year, should be herded like cattle and treated like cargo.

The Human Machine

It's *Now* that Counts

NOW that the holidays are ending, let us have a look at ourselves and see how we enjoyed the time we spent.

For these periods of relaxation are a very good indication of our types of mind.

They can tell us what sort of a show we are making of the rest of our life—if we will analyse ourselves frankly.

If you look back on the holiday you have just had, on the other holidays you have had, you will recapture a great deal of pleasure.

You will be sure you had a good time. You will be certain you enjoyed every moment of them.

But—and it is a very big "but for a lot of people—did you realise you were having a good time while you were having it?

You see, there are many people who only realise they were happy after they have ceased being happy.

Happiness to them is a retrospect.

One of the great secrets of a contented life is the ability to realise that you're happy while you're actually being happy, and it's an ability that's all too rare.

For most of us are too prone to live in the past or the future, and to allow silly little details to obscure the fact that the present is the most valuable part of our lives.

What you did yesterday is important. What you will do to-morrow is important, too.

But what you are doing to-day matters most of all.

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More Dramas of Our Great Hospitals

By a *John Bull* Special Investigator

CARDIFF is proud of its Royal Infirmary, because it is not Cardiff's.

That, in effect, was the paradox presented to me more than once in the course of my visit to the best-known hospital in Wales.

The reason is that the hospital serves a vast industrial area, and not only the city from which it takes its name.

Patients come to it from the far valleys of the Principality, even those among the mountains of the north.

Its other claim to notice in this series is that half its patients belong to the Special Areas.

The tragedy of modern industry's fluctuations and decline is reflected here as nowhere else.

Crippling bewilderment about the future is a factor in many of the cases in the wards of this great hospital.

Its doctors and nursing staff probably know more about this aspect of modern life than any other people in the country.

Time and again I heard of men and women whose chances of recovery were minimised by economic dread and anxiety.

For them "the Valley" is too often synonymous with the death-shadowed valley of the Psalmist.

Yet it is true to say that in this hospital, whose patients bear the double burden of sickness and unemployment, I seemed to sense a more cheerful spirit than in some others.

For instance, this story was uppermost in the Superintendent's mind when I was there.

★ It concerns a member of their medical staff who developed a keen interest in dietetic principles, with special reference to the value of fruit as an aid to good health.

He was treating an elderly, rather glum man for a certain nervous ailment.

"You should add fruit to your meals every day," he urged kindly.

"And eat the skins and peel. It is just under the skin that you find the most valuable part—the vitamins."

Finally the doctor said: "Take my advice and you'll soon be on the road to improvement in your health. By the way, what *is* your favourite fruit?"

"Cokernuts," said the patient moodily.

In sharp contrast, I heard this story. It points a moral and also etches a grim picture.

A subscriber had called to say that for certain reasons he was proposing to withdraw his subscription, which was substantial.

Incidentally, the Cardiff Royal Infirmary has to have an income of £75,000 a year merely to pay its way.

The Superintendent of the time argued as thoroughly as he could but without avail.

★ The subscriber had made up his mind.

As he was turning to leave, a small crowd of people came through the gateway, led by a sweating miner carrying in his arms a little child.

Behind them came another knot of people, led by a woman carrying in her outstretched arms *a child's leg.*

There had been an accident and this was the result.

The subscriber put down his hat and took out his cheque-book.

"As long as this kind of thing goes on," he said humbly, "I can't withdraw any subscription of mine. What is more, I'll add another thousand!"

It was in this hospital that there occurred one of the human dramas that sometimes get on the front pages of the newspapers from hospital bedsides.

A woman had been terribly burnt. Her brother, an unemployed man living 30 miles away, volunteered to give some of his own skin for grafting.

Several times a week, over a long period, he walked or cycled into the city to take his part in the tricky operation.

A famous philanthropist heard of his splendid sacrifices, and when his services were no longer needed by the surgeons he was enabled at once to find work again.

★ In my rounds of Britain's great hospitals I have noticed how often the staffs are proud of the type of patient they serve.

At the Cardiff Royal Infirmary they often quote that case as an example of the stoicism of the people of the district.

If you look up the records of this hospital you will find that the number of colliery accident cases treated has fallen to a very low percentage. Another sign of the times.

But it was the frequency of that type of case that gave Cardiff its famous hospital.

It owes its financial start to an Eisteddfod, which seems right and proper enough.

With the few hundred pounds that resulted they began to give treatment to injured miners and others. Since then more than a million and a half persons have had the benefit of its ministrations.

And it has become not only the teaching centre of the Welsh National School of Medicine but a more than nationally celebrated radium headquarters.

At the Cardiff Royal Infirmary the cancer war is being waged relentlessly. The men on research work bring a dour, grim concentration to bear on that work.

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A patient presented himself at intervals with a peculiar and unidentifiable skin disease.

After his fifth or sixth visit to the hospital a doctor decided that it was time to do some real detective work.

Checking the records, he found that the man's visits occurred at the same time of the year with very slight fluctuations in the period.

The patient was a tradesman's assistant. No clue was apparently provided by the nature of his daily job.

"What are your hobbies," he was asked. He said he supposed the answer would be gardening, although he hadn't much of a garden.

Question after question, coupled with bacteriological research, provided the clue the doctor was seeking.

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★ A culture was made in the hospital laboratory from the bulbs, injections were given, and the man was completely cured.

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By some quirk of fate the two girls, who were also of exactly the same age, made the same dramatic recovery—sinking and rallying, almost to the hour, in extraordinary unison.

★ Their treatment cost the hospital hundreds of pounds.

Leaving this great hospital, which is supported entirely by the people of Wales, I felt, as in no other, the horrors that make up the vicious circle of unemployment.

When the victim has already been tried beyond endurance, as so many of these South Wales folk have, disease is apt to strike more swiftly, more surely, than at any other time.

You sense in the Cardiff Royal Infirmary a grim, relentless determination on the part of the staff in facing these double circumstances of distress and disease.

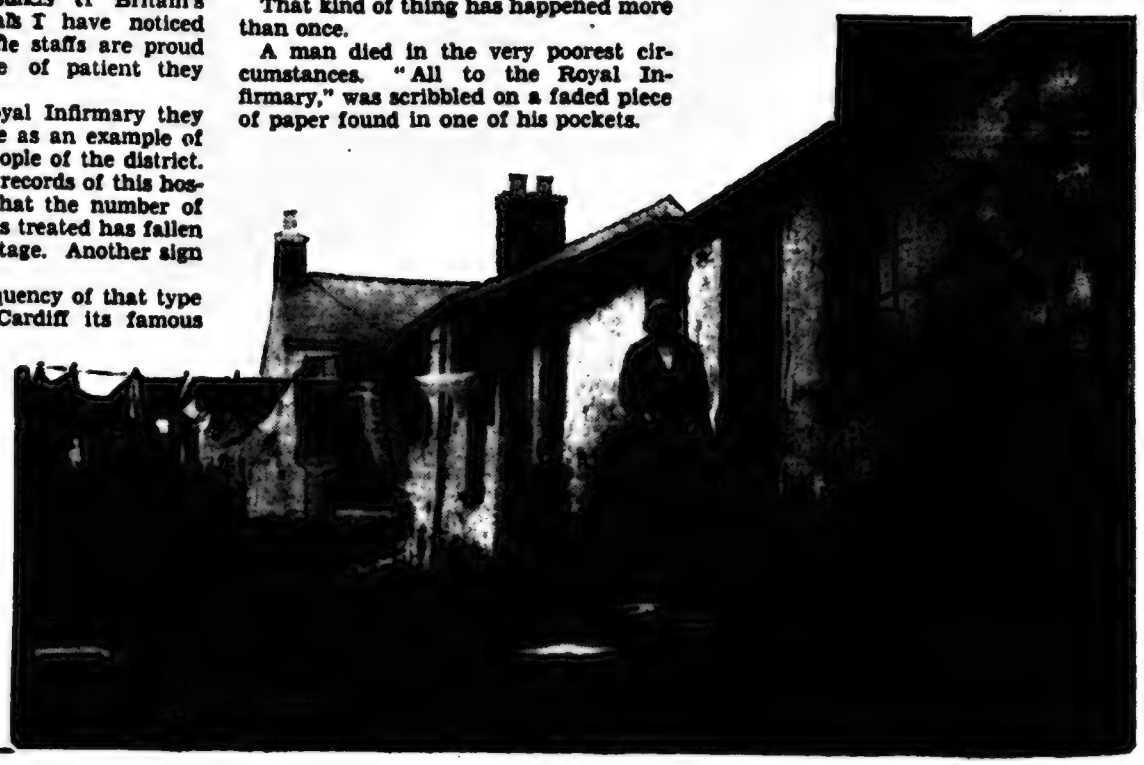
"We use ten miles of bandages a month," a nurse said. "Enough to reach from here to Newport."

"We gave anti-tetanus injections that cost a hundred pounds," said another member of the staff. "And saved the patient's life."

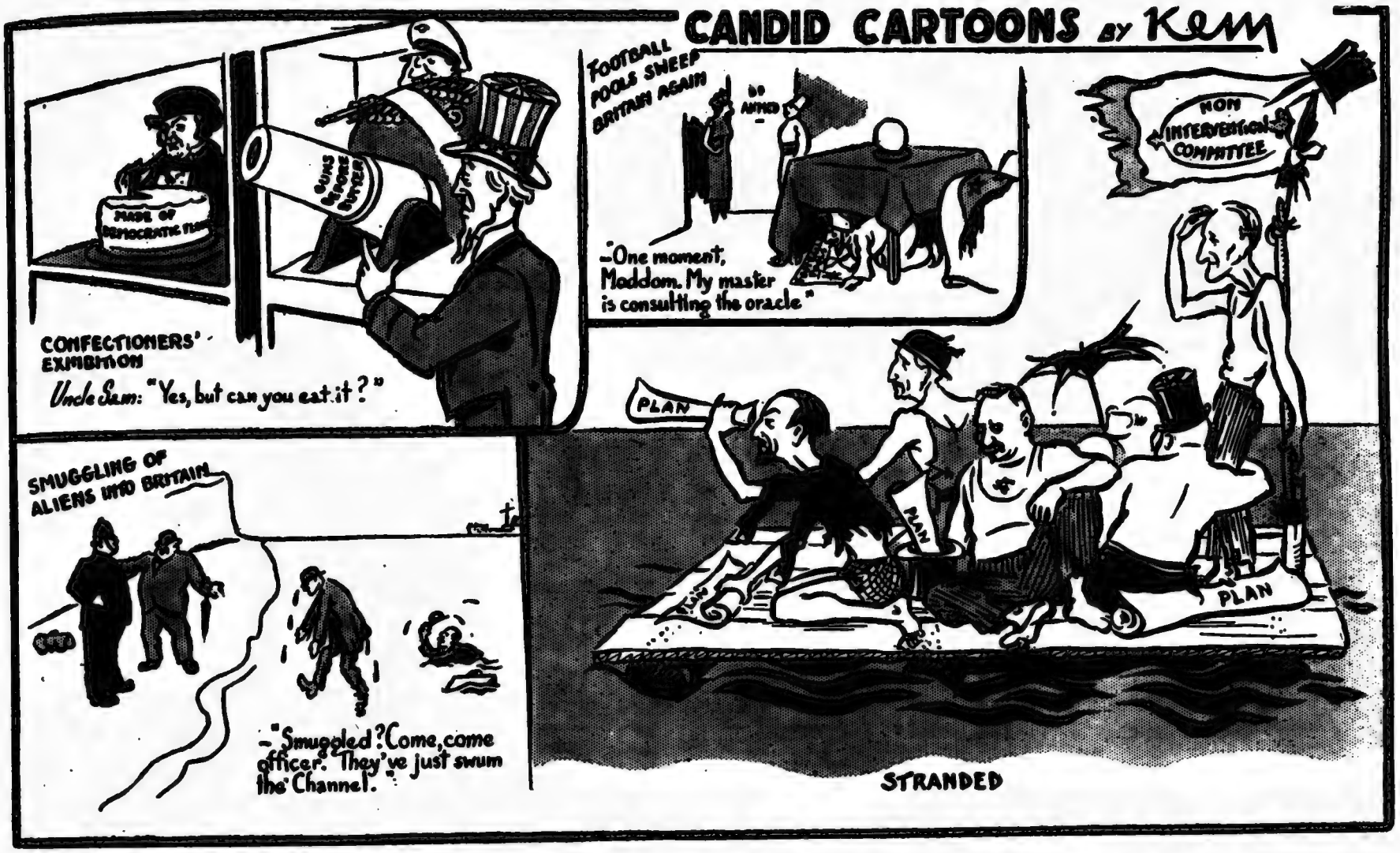
"We have a magnificent store of radium," said yet another, enthusiastically.

In other words, the medical and nursing staff, as well as the administrative side, of the Cardiff Royal Infirmary, are as ardent a band of fighters against disease as any in this country.

NEXT WEEK: SHEFFIELD ROYAL INFIRMARY



From such despairing towns as Blaina, thousands of sick people are taken to Cardiff to find new hope . . . .



Open Letters

Rt. Hon. W. S. MORRISON,
Minister of Agriculture

DEAR SIR,—So at last you are threatened with revolt. Every housewife should wish the rebels success.

They are Clyde fishermen, who are furious at having to dump hundreds of thousands of herring into the sea while big towns cannot get supplies owing to the restrictions.

On every count your policy of lavishing subsidies while taking no steps to organise distribution has failed. By keeping food scarce you benefit only the middleman.

Why, directly the beef subsidy was started, he took 4s. 8d. out of every 5s. which should have gone to the producer—and the housewife had to pay more for her beef.

Not even an imbecile could defend such craziness. —JOHN BULL.

GENERAL FRANCO,
Care of Signor Mussolini

DEAR GENERAL,—Thank you for rejecting, after contemptuous delay, the plan for the withdrawal of "volunteers" from Spain. Thank you for proving what all the world has long known—that you have been laughing at us.

Thank you for exposing our fumbling while you continued to sink our ships and wipe out unprotected towns.

Thank you for forcing reality into the minds of our well-intentioned but dreamy rulers.—JOHN BULL.

Rev. GORDON ASHBEE,
Ingleton, Yorkshire

REVEREND SIR,—Long-winded parsons will complain that you are setting a dangerous example.

When beginning a recent sermon, you asked parishioners to cough if you spoke too long. Though it was quite a long sermon, not a cough was heard.

But what will happen in the winter if they come to church with bronchitis?—JOHN BULL.

Mrs. H. MARSH,
Canterbury

DEAR MADAM,—Cleanliness evidently does not come next to godliness in righteous Canterbury.

For you have received notice to quit after offending the neighbours by hanging up washing in your garden. As you have a large family, you have a good deal of washing and I don't see how you could keep it out of sight.

But, believe me, Canterbury is not the only place where snobbery is accounted the second best virtue.

There are countless suburbs where cleanliness is not allowed to be obvious. And they have the impudence to say that it "lowers the tone" of the neighbourhood!—JOHN BULL.

The RESIDENTS,
Brighton

DEAR PEOPLE,—German policemen, coming to Brighton for a friendly football match, have been hissed by a crowd and told to go back home.

I'm not surprised. But I am disappointed.

Will the demonstration help them to admire British tolerance? Will it convince them that we are anxious to live at peace with our neighbours? Or will it strengthen the German fears of being surrounded by enemies?

Most of you, I know, have a better sense of fair-play than those unthinking boo-ers. A pity they disgraced you.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. W. ELLIOT,
Minister of Health

SIR,—The heartlessness of the old-age pension administration must make the angels weep.

A man of seventy, hoping to leave hospital after three months' illness, applied for the pension to help him during convalescence.

The Hospitals Savings Association is paying his hospital charges; in all, the cost of his maintenance is assessed at £4 a week.

This is reckoned as his income and he has been denied the pension!

For heaven's sake introduce a little sense and humanity into the regulations!—JOHN BULL.

Sir WALTER CITRINE,
T.U.C.

DEAR SIR WALTER,—Because bigger rents leave them insufficient money for food, slum tenants transferred to new areas may have a higher death-rate than when they lived in condemned houses.

Such is the terrible conclusion of a report to be presented to the Blackpool Congress.

It is preposterous that many families are paying up to 40 per cent. of their income in rent. How can we rear an A1 nation while so little is left for food, clothing and fuel?

The high rent evil can be ended—and without public subsidy. All that is needed is an Act to prevent profiteering.—JOHN BULL.

Ex-Inspector JOHN SYME,
London, S.W.

DEAR SYME,—Give up hunger-striking. Otherwise you'll go on being arrested directly you recover from your self-inflicted privations.

You are getting an old man. But you can enjoy years of peace if you cease your threats to smash Home Office windows.

Whatever injustice you suffered years ago, you have received compensation and a pension. Be content with that; carry out your promise to your wife and never take the risk of being jailed again.

And do it now.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. HAROLD STEVENS,
Chairman, Weymouth Bench

YOUR WORSHIP,—I'm sorry you are a magistrate, though only because I think you would be even more useful as a civic leader.

"A crying shame we have no up-to-date car park," you say after fining motorists for leaving cars in the street.

That is true of many seaside resorts—and of most inland towns.

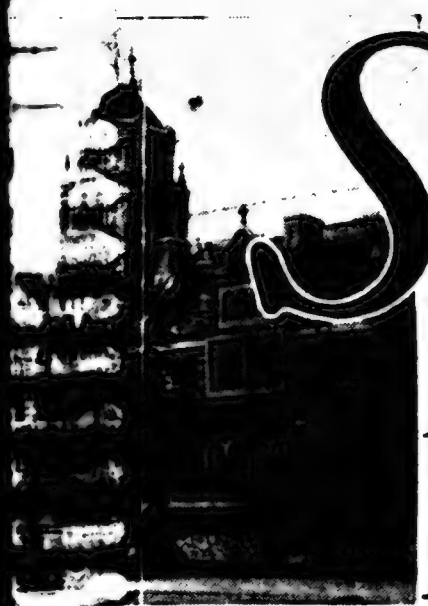
I have protested against the scandal until I am hoarse. But it seems that traffic congestion, danger and injustice don't worry our rulers.—JOHN BULL.

Telegrams

LORD HALIFAX: Trade agreement with U.S.A. good though belated. Now increase diplomatic understanding between the two greatest democracies.—JOHN BULL.

PROFESSOR ERNST FREUND: Britain welcomes you, not only as famous scientist refugee from Vienna but as man with new ideas on causes of cancer. May our own scientists hasten to help your researches.—JOHN BULL.

IAN HAY, Famous Author: Glad you're busy on your biggest job—popular history of the Army. Make it good by avoiding Jingoism: show black spots as well as the glory.—JOHN BULL.



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Leaving this great hospital, which is supported entirely by the people of Wales, I felt, as in no other, the horrors that make up the vicious circle of unemployment.

When the victim has already been tried beyond endurance, as so many of these South Wales folk have, disease is apt to strike more swiftly, more surely, than at any other time.

You sense in the Cardiff Royal Infirmary a grim, relentless determination on the part of the staff in facing these double circumstances of distress and disease.

"We use ten miles of bandages a month," a nurse said. "Enough to reach from here to Newport."

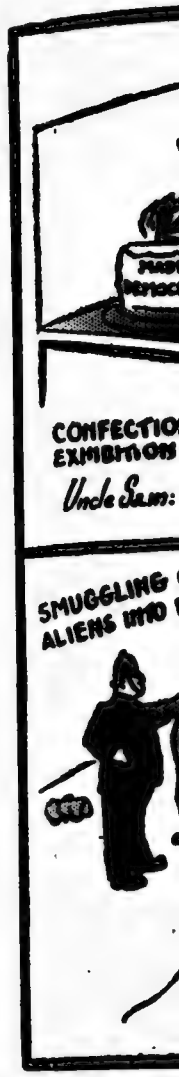
"We gave anti-tetanus injections that cost a hundred pounds," said another member of the staff. "And saved the patient's life."

"We have a magnificent store of radium," said yet another, enthusiastically.

In other words, the medical and nursing staff, as well as the administrative side, of the Cardiff Royal Infirmary, are as ardent a band of fighters against disease as any in this country.

NEXT WEEK: SHEFFIELD ROYAL INFIRMARY

From such despairing towns as Blaina, thousands of sick people are taken to Cardiff to find new hope . . . .



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Rt. Hon. W. S.
Minister of Agric

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Ingleton, Yorksh

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Mrs. H. MARS
Canterbury

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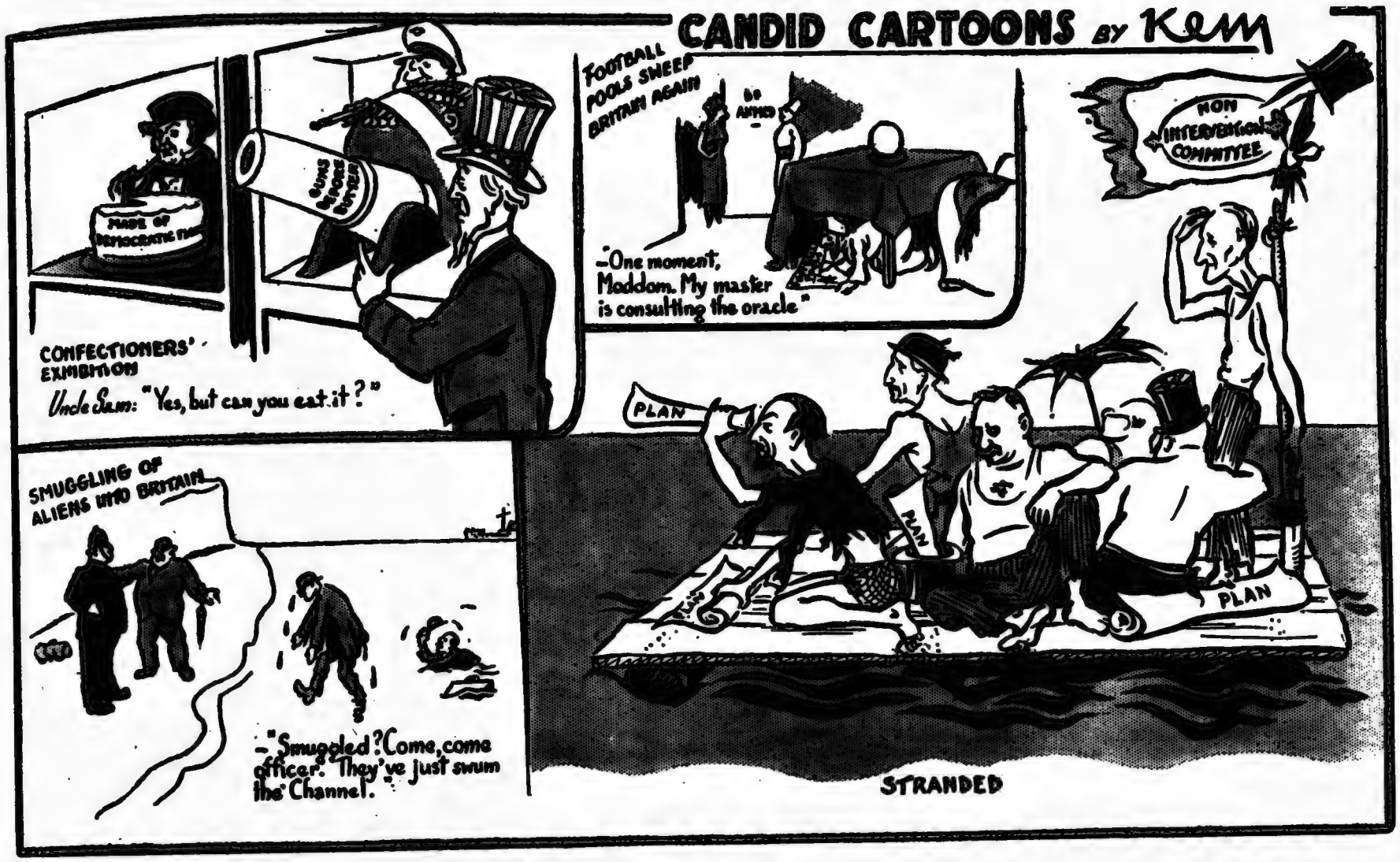

Open Letters

Rt. Hon. W. S. MORRISON,
Minister of Agriculture

DEAR SIR,—So at last you are threatened with revolt. Every housewife should wish the rebels success.

They are Clyde fishermen, who are furious at having to dump hundreds of thousands of herring into the sea while big towns cannot get supplies owing to the restrictions.

On every count your policy of lavishing subsidies while taking no steps to organise distribution has failed. By keeping food scarce you benefit only the middleman.

Why, directly the beef subsidy was started, he took 4s. 8d. out of every 5s. which should have gone to the producer—and the housewife had to pay more for her beef.

Not even an imbecile could defend such craziness. —JOHN BULL.

GENERAL FRANCO,
Care of Signor Mussolini

DEAR GENERAL,—Thank you for rejecting, after contemptuous delay, the plan for the withdrawal of "volunteers" from Spain. Thank you for proving what all the world has long known—that you have been laughing at us.

Thank you for exposing our fumbling while you continued to sink our ships and wipe out unprotected towns.

Thank you for forcing reality into the minds of our well-intentioned but dreamy rulers.—JOHN BULL.

Rev. GORDON ASHBEE,
Ingleton, Yorkshire

REVEREND SIR,—Long-winded parsons will complain that you are setting a dangerous example.

When beginning a recent sermon, you asked parishioners to cough if you spoke too long. Though it was quite a long sermon, not a cough was heard.

But what will happen in the winter if they come to church with bronchitis?—JOHN BULL.

Mrs. H. MARSH,
Canterbury

DEAR MADAM,—Cleanliness evidently does not come next to godliness in righteous Canterbury.

For you have received notice to quit after offending the neighbours by hanging up washing in your garden. As you have a large family, you have a good deal of washing and I don't see how you could keep it out of sight.

But, believe me, Canterbury is not the only place where snobbery is accounted the second best virtue.

There are countless suburbs where cleanliness is not allowed to be obvious. And they have the impudence to say that it "lowers the tone" of the neighbourhood!—JOHN BULL.

The RESIDENTS,
Brighton

DEAR PEOPLE,—German policemen, coming to Brighton for a friendly football match, have been hissed by a crowd and told to go back home.

I'm not surprised. But I am disappointed.

Will the demonstration help them to admire British tolerance? Will it convince them that we are anxious to live at peace with our neighbours? Or will it strengthen the German fears of being surrounded by enemies?

Most of you, I know, have a better sense of fair-play than those unthinking boo-ers. A pity they disgraced you.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. W. ELLIOT,
Minister of Health

SIR,—The heartlessness of the old-age pension administration must make the angels weep.

A man of seventy, hoping to leave hospital after three months' illness, applied for the pension to help him during convalescence.

The Hospitals Savings Association is paying his hospital charges; in all, the cost of his maintenance is assessed at £4 a week.

This is reckoned as his income and he has been denied the pension!

For heaven's sake introduce a little sense and humanity into the regulations!—JOHN BULL.

Sir WALTER CITRINE,
T.U.C.

DEAR SIR WALTER,—Because bigger rents leave them insufficient money for food, slum tenants transferred to new areas may have a higher death-rate than when they lived in condemned houses.

Such is the terrible conclusion of a report to be presented to the Blackpool Congress.

It is preposterous that many families are paying up to 40 per cent. of their income in rent. How can we rear an A1 nation while so little is left for food, clothing and fuel?

The high rent evil can be ended—and without public subsidy. All that is needed is an Act to prevent profiteering.—JOHN BULL.

Ex-Inspector JOHN SYME,
London, S.W.

DEAR SYME,—Give up hunger-striking. Otherwise you'll go on being arrested directly you recover from your self-inflicted privations.

You are getting an old man. But you can enjoy years of peace if you cease your threats to smash Home Office windows.

Whatever injustice you suffered years ago, you have received compensation and a pension. Be content with that; carry out your promise to your wife and never take the risk of being jailed again.

And do it now.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. HAROLD STEVENS,
Chairman, Weymouth Bench

YOUR WORSHIP,—I'm sorry you are a magistrate, though only because I think you would be even more useful as a civic leader.

"A crying shame we have no up-to-date car park," you say after fining motorists for leaving cars in the street.

That is true of many seaside resorts—and of most inland towns.

I have protested against the scandal until I am hoarse. But it seems that traffic congestion, danger and injustice don't worry our rulers.—JOHN BULL.

Telegrams

LORD HALIFAX: Trade agreement with U.S.A. good though belated. Now increase diplomatic understanding between the two greatest democracies.—JOHN BULL.

PROFESSOR ERNST FREUND: Britain welcomes you, not only as famous scientist refugee from Vienna but as man with new ideas on causes of cancer. May our own scientists hasten to help your researches.—JOHN BULL.

IAN HAY, Famous Author: Glad you're busy on your biggest job—popular history of the Army. Make it good by avoiding Jingoism: show black spots as well as the glory.—JOHN BULL.

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SHEFFIELD

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E. M. BENNETT. F. E. J. BIRKENSHAW.

Dear Student,—Now that the holidays are over and the long nights approaching, I want you to get back to your studies without delay.

We are now enjoying a period of prosperity and Bennett College trained men are wanted everywhere. I want you to gain your certificate, as that will be a proof of your efficiency; you will then find the permanent key positions waiting for you. I am very anxious for your success.

This notice does not only apply to present students. It is also in the nature of a notice or appeal to past students. Once a B.C.S. always a B.C.S. We make this appeal because circumstances change, and we may have students who do not realise that we are able to change with them and be ready to help them under all circumstances. As you know we have a very big permanent professional staff, and we are therefore in the position to teach nearly every vocation, Scientific-Technical-Commercial-Civil Service-or almost anything that our students may require. Therefore, should you be one of those whose circumstances have changed, write and put me in touch with your requirements. If you are one of those who have merely eased off during the summer holidays, I shall be anxiously looking forward to the resumption of your studies, and again the regular arrival of your homework. If you are one of those students who have stuck regularly to your work without a break, you require no urging from me. Your success is certain, and we shall be delighted to share it.

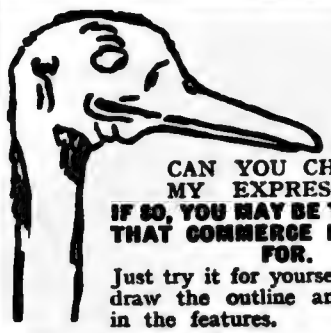
At this time of the year, you may have friends who are thinking of taking up postal studies on some subject or preparing for an examination. My personal advice is always at their disposal, free.

Yours very sincerely

J. H. Bennett

YOU CANNOT MAKE MONEY BY SAVING

If you save 10/- a week for 10 years you have only got £260, but if you spend 2/6 per week for 12 or 18 months on a correspondence course, you give your brains a chance to earn thousands of pounds, then there is no need to save. Savings are likely to vanish, but earning capacity is a permanent investment.



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SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS' SPECIAL DOSSIER

DOPE!

—STARTLING NEW DISCLOSURES

● Patricia Mallory, artists' model, is only twenty-one, but she is in the grip of the drug craze.

She is now in a London nursing home, pending an appeal against imprisonment. She was sentenced to four months in the second division for obtaining morphine by a forged prescription.

LIKE a fever rash, drug peddling has broken out again in Britain.

It is the biggest evil that has followed in the wake of the political refugees who are being smuggled wholesale into this country.

And it must be stamped out at once—or a great work for humanity will be smashed.

That work, which has taken years to build, is the Home Office system for the control of known drug addicts.

A few months ago it was nearing completion. Five thousand addicts had been listed and placed under the care of doctors working in close contact with a special Home Office department.

These unfortunates are allowed to receive carefully rationed supplies of drugs—the only way they can be cured, or, if incurable, kept alive and sane.

In addition, the Home Office was keeping watch on 25,000 other suspected addicts known to be obtaining drugs secretly.

Menace Gains Ground

And slowly but surely those secret sources of supply were being closed. Investigators were already on the track of the few dope smugglers still operating.

But now all that has changed.

I am able to reveal that many of the 5,000 addicts on the official list are supplementing their rations from unknown sources, and their numbers are steadily increasing.

Every day the menace is gaining ground. The Home Office is seriously alarmed.

It is all so easy for the drug smugglers.

With thousands of tragic people fleeing from the tyranny and oppression of troubled Europe, it was natural they should turn their eyes to liberty-loving England.

Those who could not gain admittance legally were driven by desperation to set up the smuggling organisations now at work in almost every Continental port.

They have found it simple to bribe the skippers of foreign coasters to land refugees along the desolate shores of Essex and Sussex.

Chances of being caught are almost negligible. There are only 720 coastguards watching our 4,750 miles of coastline, and only 210 regular stations.

Most of the small fishing harbours have no immigration officers at all, and anyone can land unquestioned.

It was not long before the master minds of the dope traffic, driven from their own countries, saw the big opportunities waiting them in Britain. And they have seized those opportunities.

Many of the aliens now being smuggled into Britain are undesirables—criminals and traffickers in dope.

Golden Harvest

Already they have their own underworld organisation, working like well-oiled machinery, on this side of the Channel.

Through it they are provided with funds and refuge—and a market for the poison they sell.

All this costs money—big money.

But the profits of the drug traffic are rich—and growing richer.

For if we include, as we must, the 5,000 addicts on the Home Office official list, there are at least 30,000 potential customers in Britain for the wares of the drug barons.

The bulk of them are wealthy—dope is not a poor man's vice—and they will pay and pay to satisfy their cravings.

Thousands of pounds must be changing hands daily.

Against such highly organised evil the Home Office drugs department is well-nigh powerless.

Its key men are the doctors who have the listed addicts in their care, and who report regularly to Major Coles, the department's chief.

They form an elaborate network of contacts by which it is possible to keep track of addicts throughout the country.

But these contacts are being broken—one after another.

Lying and inhuman ingenuity become second nature to the dope victims, who will stop at nothing when the craving is at its height.

Up till now the ruses they have adopted have been well known, and methods of checking them devised.

Souls in Torment

But with new and more daring distributors in the field, the situation has changed completely.

"Key" doctors know that their patients are getting more drugs than they are permitted, but, try as they may, they cannot discover how and where.

To the craftiness of the addict has been allied the cool-headed cunning of the dope smuggler—a terrible combination.

Major Coles and his department are waging a daily war against giant odds.

This quiet-mannered man, with a world of sympathy and understanding for the unfortunates under his care, knows more than anyone else the havoc that is being wrought by the new spate of drug dumping.

He knows that men and women for whose souls he and his doctors have fought are being dragged back into a living hell.

But one man, one small organisation, is not enough to grapple with a menace backed with millions of dirty money.

No one wishes to deny sanctuary to the tragic victims of political oppression, but we must not allow this country to become the refuge—and hunting-ground—of every alien crook and dope peddler who poses as a refugee.

The watch on our coastline must be tightened, and tightened at once.

The smugglers of human cargo must be put out of business.

Then we will stem the poison stream that is flowing into Britain.

Write to "John Bull" About it

"Airman's" Flights of Fancy

MORE than 500 people within a fifty-mile radius of London have been swindled by a man posing as a retired R.A.F. wing-commander.

Using the names of "Herbert Gould," "J. V. Worthing," and sometimes his real name of Charles Grindley, he pretends he wants to buy a house.

He gets in touch with owners of houses for sale or their agents and, after inspection, professes that he is likely to purchase.

Then he turns the conversation to his supposed work since he retired from the R.A.F., and explains most convincingly that he is a professional backer at the principal greyhound tracks.

* * *

He mentions casually that he is going to a certain track that night to carry out a big betting commission.

It's a "sure thing" and the odds are likely to be large.

Afterwards it is the old trick, but this rogue seems to work it with a masterly touch.

The man or woman with whom he has placed himself on such good terms as the prospective buyer of their house feel lucky to be allowed to join in the bet.

Sometimes they hand over £1, but in many cases it has been as much as £5.

That is the last they see of their money or the "retired wing-commander."

Grindley made big hauls round Manchester and Birmingham before moving South.

The police are after him, but he is still finding new dupes every day.

So be on your guard.

Book Cheats Are Busy

OWNERS of valuable books are being robbed of thousands of pounds by unscrupulous dealers.

They form themselves into rings and one member is deputed to bid at sales.

A second auction is subsequently held among themselves, and the difference between the price paid at the sale and the trade valuation, often a considerable sum, is divided.

In one recent instance, just brought to my notice, a complete set of historical records was secured by a ring for about £20.

At their private auction later it was bought by a London dealer for nearly ten times that amount.

This means that the unfortunate owner was mulcted, while each member of the ring walked off with a handsome profit.

All over the country the same thing is going on.

Some years ago an Act was passed to stop abuses of the auction ring, and this practice looks suspiciously like an infringement of that Law.

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MAKE MORE MONEY. Sell Tablecloths, Towels, Silk Stockings, Overalls, Men's Socks, Ties, etc. A 1,000 bargains. Oldest, Largest, Cheapest & Best Wholesale firm. Write now for Catalogue & Guide.—Cochrane's Warehouse 1, Thomas Street, Manchester.

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PRIVATE CHRISTMAS CARDS. Famous "MISTLETOE" SERIES. Agents wanted, either sex. Biggest Commission offered. Also prizes. Book free.—OWENS, 6, Chapel St., Bradford.

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"I DREAMT I DWELT IN MARBLE HALLS,"
the star of last year's Royal Academy, is one of the many exclusive features of the world-famed "Snowball" Christmas Card new productions. The "Snowball" always offers the public something different. Apply now for this amazing book. You will be thrilled by its 20 pages of Calendars and Cards. Etchings. Bookmarks, diaries and cut-out novelties. Our packet cards, too, are a revelation in values. Enrol now. Everything free.—M.F.A. Assocn., Ltd., Dept. A., Ribble Bank Mills, Preston.

10/- IN EVERY £ COM.
Agents wanted. Novelty Private Greeting Cards and Calendars of distinction. Make big money. No experience, either sex. Full instructions. — The Sunshine Publishing Co., Dept. 1, 5, Bayer Street, London, E.C.1.

AGENTS reqd. for Ladies' & Children's Clothing Credit Business. Good Comm. Letters only to A. B. Cliftons, Ltd., 56, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.4.

AGENTS wanted to sell 2d. Credit Club Cards; liberal com. and bonuses; cash and free gifts whly; postages paid; many earning £3 wk. Parties. from Soccer King (Dept. J.B.), Stadium Works, Wembley, Middlesex.

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Men of good education required for enlistment and training as **WIRELESS OPERATORS, ARMOURERS, PHOTOGRAPHERS,** and **INSTRUMENT REPAIRERS.** Age Limit, 17½ to 35.—Write or call, R.A.F. Recruiting Depot, Victory House, Kingsway, W.C.2.

ROYAL AIR FORCE.
APPRENTICE CLERKS.—Vacancies for boys to be trained as Royal Air Force clerks will occur in October, 1938, and January, 1939. Candidates must possess an approved school certificate or be of an approximately equivalent educational standard. Age between 15½ years and 17½ years on October 1 or January 1. Entry by selection. Thorough training, normally for 18 months. Pay and prospects good.—Apply for A.M. Pamphlet 9 to Inspector of Recruiting, Royal Air Force, Victory House, Kingsway, LONDON, W.C.2.

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ADVICE to expectant Mothers. Let Mrs. Howard, 68, Dover Road, Portsmouth, give you expert advice on dressing the Modern Baby. Homemade 75-piece Layette only 30/-.

DO Your Timber Jobs in the wood that outlasts oak itself! We will supply you with genuine Western Red Cedar, Ready Cut and Milled to standard timber sizes. This means you can do your fences, outbuildings, etc., in this tested ROT-PROOF Cedar—the wood which requires NO PAINTING or PRESERVING. Saves £ £ £'s on repairs and depreciation. Any quantity supplied.—Write for free lists to R. H. Hall & Co. (Kent), Ltd., 20, Paddock Wood, Kent.

HAVE You Seen the Latest Cossor Radio? It's the greatest value ever. Fill in the coupon on the Front Cover or write, mentioning *John Bull*, for free latest 16-page catalogue.

GET particulars of the Pifco Electric Cycle Lamps by writing, mentioning *John Bull*, for catalogue. See page 24.

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NEW PORTABLE BUILDINGS, all shapes and sizes, in Deal, Cedar and Elm.—List (J.B.) Free.—Alberts, 197, Brixton Hill, London.

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HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by Testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute, Ltd. (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

FREE Sample of CEPHOS, the Safe and Certain Physician's Remedy for Colds, Headaches, Neuralgia and Rheumatism. In Powder or Tablet form. Does not affect the heart. Send p.c. to CEPHOS, Ltd. (Dept. 29), BLACKBURN.

WORMS CURED. — Arlico Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's positive cure for removing the causes. No fasting, dieting or interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for Generous Supply or 1½d. stamp for details.—Ridyard Tablet Co., 34-38, Codnor, Derby.

STOMACH TROUBLES AND SKIN DISEASES cured by Herbal Science. Norths "Herbs" Stomach Powder has definitely conquered Indigestion. Do not dread meal times. Send for this remedy now. Prices 1/3 and 3/- (plus 2d. and 3d. post). Norths "Heelit" Ointment is a new discovery and definitely cures. Deals effectively with Psoriasis, Eczema, Eruptions, Itch, etc., etc. Do not delay. Send now. Prices 1/3 and 3/- (plus 1½d. and 2½d. postage). Obtainable from Norths Dispensaries (Dept. 4), 15, Whitehouses, Mytholmroyd, Yorkshire.

FREE to indigestion sufferers. If you have not previously tried Eirley's Antacid Powder, accept the generous free offer on p. 33.

HEALTHY legs for all! Don't let leg troubles cripple you. Send for free sample and booklet. See Back Cover.

RHEUMATIC Sufferers. Accept this free offer. On page 21 appears a coupon which, if sent to the address mentioned, will bring a free sample of Curicones and a special booklet.

MISCELLANEOUS.

WRITE FOR PROFIT.
Send for free booklet.
Regent Institute (101C), Palace Gate, W.8.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by Testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute, Ltd. (J.B.1), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

TURN to page 22 for the three good reasons why you should own and buy your House. Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to the Halifax Building Society for full particulars, terms, etc.

WRITE, mentioning *John Bull*, to Benbow's Dog Mixture Co., Ltd., 2, Bartholomew Close, London, E.C.1, for free particulars of this famous dog mixture. See p. 28.

FREE to home lovers. A copy of an interesting booklet, "How to Make a Sound Job of a Small Roof," containing 101 helpful little hints and free samples of Fluxer. See page 28.

FREE.—You are cordially invited to take advantage of this free offer and free book on Hair Growth and Maintenance on pages 4 & 5. Use the free coupon and enclose 3d. stamp for postage.

ACCEPT this free double offer. Trial bottle of Vaseline Hair Tonic and also a Vaseline Soapless Shampoo. Simply enclose 2d. stamp to Dept. W.J.B.14, Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Consd., Victoria Road, London, N.W.10. See page 24.

SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS'
Special Dossier (Continued)

I Challenge "Easy-Money" Carless

GUY CARLESS, briefly mentioned in my recent gallery of crooks, seems to think that bluff will still take him a long way.

He imagines that all he has to do is to keep moving and the easy money will follow him.

I can promise him that it is not going to be as simple as that.

Just now he is up to his old tricks at Southampton, and I believe that already he has planned his next move to Portsmouth.

Advertisement Snare

The snare from Southampton is hidden in this advertisement, which appeared recently:—

Estate Agency. South Coast. Trial before purchase to prove net profits of £8 weekly; price £300.

A man who swallowed similar bait dangled from the previous concern with which Carless was associated at Bournemouth is now resigned to losing every penny of the £300 he invested.

There will be the same disillusion for anyone who is foolish enough to have anything to do with the offer from Southampton.

When Carless first went to Bournemouth he had the nerve to open a detective agency under the name of Cresswell and Co., in Exeter Street!

At the same time, and at the same address, he started Property and Business Exchange Co.

Both were registered in the name of Constance Smart, of Ellesmere Road, Alum Rock, Birmingham, but that was just a little more of this crook's bluff. Constance Smart is the maiden name of Mrs. Carless.

The detective agency was too much even for Carless's ingenuity. It faded away after a few months.

But the Property and Business Exchange was represented as a flourishing concern. The possibilities were endless, Carless told the man who parted with £300.

But soon the victim found it was all the most shameless ramp. One part of the jumble was that Carless was supposed to have sold the business to another man.

An interesting discovery by one of my investigators is that a very old friend indeed, A. E. Colbourne, the notorious capital-finder, of New Cavendish Street, London, W., also appeared on the scene.

Negotiations for the purchase of an hotel had been started by a young man. Almost immediately he found himself confronted by A. E. Colbourne at the offices of the Property and Business Exchange.

Colbourne had a grand scheme whereby the young man was to pay £500 down, borrow the balance of £500 and then let Colbourne form a company and issue debentures.

Luckily the young man realised in time that the whole affair seemed dubious and stopped payment of a cheque for £20 he had handed over.

Mr. Colbourne was very angry!

What a combination — Carless and Colbourne.

Both have been to jail more than once. Both are tricksters who ought to be hounded out of business.

Neither will succeed in hiding their trail from me, and they need not expect any quarter.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

Astute observation while on the Continent wins this week's £1 1s. for C. J. Hill, of 211, Margam Road, Port Talbot, Glamorganshire.

Very useful information resulted.

ARTFUL Mr. ACKER

"THINK and Grow Rich" is the title of a £1 book which Mr. John Edward Acker, of Paternoster Square, London, E.C., is trying to sell.

But he seems more interested at the moment in persuading people to invest money in his scheme to push the sales of the book.

* * *

Total capital required is £20,000, and those who reply to his advertisements are asked to subscribe amounts ranging from £10 to £200.

Interest of 6 per cent., payable quarterly, is promised, and for cash investments of £25 or more shares of double value are offered.

I should do a lot of thinking before I set out to grow rich in this way.

A member of my staff who called on Mr. Acker found he has a one-room office with a woman secretary.

One reader tells me he was informed that Mr. Acker, being the sole owner of the business, would indemnify investors against loss.

* * *

But, though he spoke confidently of big profits, he admitted to my investigator that he could not do this.

Mr. Acker, who is a French-American by birth, seems so sure of the venture that he visualised profits of even 100 per cent.

I strongly recommend the first word of the book title—**THINK.**

CLEAR UP THIS MUDDLE

Mr. Ernest Glover

Mrs. Glover

THE young man and woman whose pictures you see here are Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Glover. They have been the victims of an ordeal—an ordeal that must not be glossed over.

Glover, a garage proprietor, of Curzon Street, Netherfield, near Nottingham, was arrested at his garage, in the presence of customers, for an alleged assault on a recruiting sergeant.

At the Guildhall police station, Nottingham, he was photographed and his fingerprints taken.

He was not allowed to send a message to his wife, and he was kept in a cell overnight, while she waited frantic with worry at his mysterious absence.

★

When, after a week on bail, he appeared before the magistrates, they dismissed the charge and awarded him £5 5s. costs against the police.

The Chairman announced that this was done "because the prosecution so entirely failed."

Actually Mr. Glover proved that he could not have been anywhere near where the sergeant was said to have been assaulted.

His brother, quite unlike him in appearance, admitted he was there, and told the police so before the case was heard.

Mr. Glover's solicitor protested it was a scandal that this statement had not been brought forward by the prosecution.

Instead, they allowed the case to proceed until the magistrates stopped the evidence.

Clearly there are many features of the whole affair which should be brought into the open.

You Have Been Warned!

MY postbag is filled with admissions from people who feel they were "perhaps a little careless" in not reading a document they signed.

Of course, they write to complain that they find themselves saddled with a commitment which came as a shock to them.

It is an old trick still widely practised by the dubious representatives of some firms.

Women canvassers are busy unloading encyclopsedias of the Consolidated World Research Society, Strand, London, W.C.

Householders are told they have been selected to receive a free set. When they have signed a form—"just a formality"—they find they have actually signed an order, costing £19 10s., payable by instalments.

El-Tanah Again

PROFESSOR EL-TANAH, of Jersey, Channel Islands, apparently defeated in his beauty lotion investment ramp, is now trying to hoodwink people over here with a course of mental and physical culture for twenty shillings. It is sent out from the "Imperial Institute of Psychology," of Burrard Street, Jersey—same address from which came the Jersey Lily beauty lotion snare.

This impostor's real name is William Francis Mitchell. He is a Canadian, and was in all kinds of rackets in this country before he went to Jersey.

Look Out, Landladies!

GOODENOUGHS, described as the well-known Guest Association, of Bolton Road, Eastbourne, simply invite the pun "not good enough."

Man behind it is that master fee-snatcher William Churton-Ward. He advertises: "Two ladies seek accommodation, will pay £8 weekly," or something similar.

When boarding-house keepers reply they find that it is really a registration fee that is wanted.

Cool Cheek

IF you receive a postcard from H. M. Alleyn, of Conduit Street, London, W., headed, "The Air Menace, 1938," throw it away.

Support is asked for the Air-Wire-Barrage, "a matter now of the utmost National Urgency." There is a promise to safeguard for you an interest in all future developments. Just that, and one of the coolest requests for a subscription I have ever seen.

Dubious Charity

A BOGUS charity concern very active again is "Till the Night Passes Help Society." Headquarters are "St. Winifreds," Blacknall Road, Exeter.

One of the collectors was fined at Paignton, Devon, recently for travelling on the railway without paying his fare.

"Too Many Children . . ."

NINE children!—Sorry, but you'll have to move on.

George Crofts, of Evelyn Street, Cardiff, who served in the Navy throughout the war, has heard this so often that he is nearly frantic.

His wife, who expects her tenth child shortly, is ill with worry.

They are faced with another move this week, and have not yet been able to find a new home.

For years they have been trying to settle down peacefully, but it has been impossible, merely because they have a large family.

Once they had a council house, but Mr. Crofts fell ill, and they had to leave because the arrears of rent totalled two pounds five shillings.

And that after they had been tenants for eleven years!

Since then it has been one quick move after another.

* * *

The council refused to let them have another house, and whenever they approach house agents and explain that they have nine children, hands are raised and heads are shaken.

I am astonished that the Corporation of a city like Cardiff should allow this kind of thing to happen.

They all swear by the 30-Second Breakfast

These busy people have discovered how to have a delicious, satisfying energy-giving breakfast that takes only half a minute to serve

"I'M UP AT SEVEN EVERY MORNING," says Mr. Swift, window cleaner of Leeds. "A quick breakfast and then I have to be off. That's why I'm all for the 30-second breakfast of Kellogg's. It's there when you want it — cuts out all that waiting about till the meal's ready."

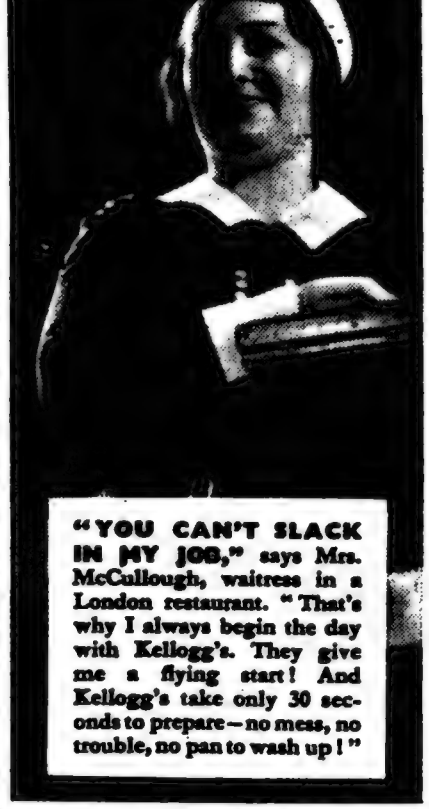
FROM Land's End to John o' Groat's, people have taken to Kellogg's Corn Flakes — the delicious breakfast that takes only 30 seconds to serve!

"Kellogg's save so much time and trouble," they say. "Serving them straight from the packet cuts out cooking — and there are no messy saucepans to wash up afterwards!"

Kellogg's are crisper, too! In the first place they're made extra-crisp! Then a special "Waxtite" wrapper in the packet keeps them "oven fresh" to the very last mouthful.

And — Kellogg's are *so sustaining!* There's more energy-giving nourishment in a serving of Kellogg's with milk and sugar than you get from 3 boiled eggs. Economical, too. The big family packet costs only 5½d., and contains 10 big breakfasts. And, of course, you save on the gas bill.

Delight *your* family with a 30-second breakfast tomorrow morning! Serve Kellogg's with milk and sugar — fruit, too, if they like it. Your grocer has Kellogg's — 5½d. a packet.

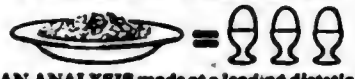


"YOU CAN'T SLACK IN MY JOB," says Mrs. McCullough, waitress in a London restaurant. "That's why I always begin the day with Kellogg's. They give me a flying start! And Kellogg's take only 30 seconds to prepare—no mess, no trouble, no pan to wash up!"

SAVES TIME, SAVES MONEY. "I like a breakfast that's easy to prepare," says Miss Russell, cashier in a large store. "That's why I'm so keen on the 30-second breakfast of Kellogg's. It saves no end of time in the morning. Kellogg's are wonderfully sustaining, too, without being heavy or hard to digest."

SCIENTIFIC PROOF

of the great energy-giving power of the "30-SECOND BREAKFAST"



AN ANALYSIS made at a leading dietetic laboratory shows that a bowlful of Kellogg's with milk and sugar has more energy value than 3 boiled eggs. That is why workers find the 30-second breakfast so sustaining.

30 SECONDS TO SERVE — KEEPS YOU GOING TILL LUNCH

Find that Lost Appetite with

HP SAUCE

The World's Appetiser

9d. and 3d.

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in JOHN BULL carries with it a "money back" guarantee.

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked— In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona fides of all advertisements in JOHN BULL.

Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in JOHN BULL, and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED,
Proprietors of JOHN BULL.

Have You Seen the Latest COSSOR RADIO!

16-page Catalogue FREE!

RADIO'S latest introduction, announced on the Front Cover of this issue, is deserving of special interest. It's the greatest value ever. Cossor's contribution to everyone's need for an instrument of quality at a price within the means of every household must interest every "John Bull" family. Before buying your radio, get full particulars of this excellent radio offer by filling in the Coupon on the Front Cover for 16-page Catalogue. It's FREE! Get it NOW!

HANNEN SWAFFER'S NEW WHO'S WHO

This Week: Bud Flanagan

His "Oi!" has gone all over England

"Oi!"

WHEN "Many Happy Returns" failed, after a run of less than three months, it meant that C. B. Cochran's loss was really London's gain.

For Bud Flanagan, not the great draw in a "posh" show they hoped, can now go back to the Crazy Gang and make the masses roar.

So can Chesney Allen, the "straight half" of the act.

This is as it should be. Flanagan and Allen belong to the music-halls, not to a West End theatre.

And it is there that, now, they must remain. You can't make them respectable. They are "of the people."

After all, the Crazy Show is the only original art-form this country has evolved for many years, and Bud Flanagan has been its main prop, the biggest scream among its clowns. . .

Year after year, I get a Flanagan and Allen calendar, which hangs on my grandfather clock.

It always bears an "Oi!"

Saying this in his sharp, arresting manner, is the basis of Bud Flanagan's fortune. If he had said it soon enough to some racehorses on the home stretch, Bud would be a richer man.

His Promise

Alas, what he made on the stage, he lost on the racecourse.

"I've given it up now," he said to me recently. "I've promised Chesney."

Yet at Ascot, where I saw him, the first day, wearing a weird suit of many colours, he was looking yearningly at the giant Tote.

"Bud'll never get divorced," said Tom Webster. "He's afraid of being barred the Royal Enclosure!"

Bud Flanagan, I should say, is to-day the most popular member of the music-hall profession.

He is the soul of kindliness, and, in spite of his great success, he is unpretentious, just a member of the hilarious Six—Flanagan and Allen, Naughton and Gold and Nervo and Knox—who fool about in the dressing-room among themselves just as they do upon the stage, never the same except in good humour, always leg-pulling.

Knowing them is one long laugh. Even George Black, their boss, is at times the object of their mirth.

Now and then, though, Bud Flanagan, in these days of the Threat, finds it hard to control himself. A policeman had to keep him in order one day in the Park.

"The Arches"

"It'll be your turn next!" shouted a fool of a Fascist, pointing to Bud, not knowing his identity, only seeing that obviously he was a Jew.

"I can take it," he replied. "I was out there for four years."

"Doing what?" shouted the Fascist. "In the kitchen, I suppose."

"No," retorted Bud. "Shooting swine like you."

The policeman hustled Bud away, before the fun started.

Anti-Semitism takes strange forms. Sax Rohmer's books are barred in Germany because Hitler thinks this Irish-Catholic is a Jew, while he has not barred "Underneath the Arches," Flanagan's best-known song, because he thinks Bud is an Irishman.

Actually, his stage name started with anti-Semitism in the Army.

Sergeant-Major Flanagan didn't like Private Robert Winthrop, who had joined up "for adventure rather than patriotism," as he says, "just to see the fun."

"Revenge"

The sergeant-major did not appreciate Bud's desire for "fun," and often told him so.

So Bud, back in civil life, chose the name Flanagan for the stage, to get his own back.

He wanted to change it to Brent Bridge when he joined Florrie Forde, but she wouldn't hear of it.

"My maiden name was Flanagan," she said. "Keep it."

Bud Flanagan and Chesney Allen actually met at Poperinghe, in 1917, in an estaminet.

After the War, Bud was a black-faced comedian known as Chick Harlem and Chesney was half of Stanford and Allen.

It was in Florrie Forde's touring revue, in which they travelled for years, that the two joined up. Chesney the straight man and Bud, the comic, soon inseparable, soon a perfect team.

Still they were to strike such bad times that, having no idea of the success just round the corner, Bud and Chesney had decided to become bookmakers and follow the dogs at Wimbledon, yes, only a few days before they became stars.

That was less than eight years ago!

You never know. Although in three months no fewer than 250,000 records of "Underneath the Arches" were sold, this song, written five years before in a dressing-room at Derby, was turned down by song publishers because it was "not commercial."

Before then, Flanagan had for years written songs for stars, getting often only ten shillings for a song.

So phenomenal was "Underneath the Arches," which Bud merely talked in a husky voice, for he cannot sing, that, ever since, he has merely had to twist round the words and the tune to get equal success with any "new" song which, though thought different, is really just the same.

Bud has seen more of the world than you know. When only thirteen, he ran away from a Jewish boarding-school at Ramsgate and, reaching Southampton, got a job as assistant electrician on the *Majestic*, a liner on which he sailed for America.

In the Galley

The boat was still in Southampton Water when they made him a dish-washer in the cook's galley.

He had successfully changed a lamp in the cabin, but when given an armature to rewind—"Go and wash the dishes," they said.

"I was always a bad sailor, even when it was fine," Bud has told me. "But when I had to throw the remains of about 900 fried eggs out of the porthole after breakfast . . you can imagine what I felt like."

In the course of time, Bud, sacked from the *Majestic*, became a Western Union messenger in New York, for he was afraid to go near his relatives, and then, his stage ambitions realised, a bell-hop with George M. Cohan in "Broadway Jones."

He had acted half across America and in Australia and South Africa when, coming back to England to see his family during the war, he heard some soldiers talking in the train.

"Why don't you join up?" they said.

He did, and got his packet—a nice gassing and a piece of shrapnel in his hand.

Bud compromised with His Majesty's Government for £97 over this, and, on the day the money arrived, when he was getting 35s. a week as a comedian in Pontypridd, he took a holiday.

Speed Secret

Lots have happened since then. Now Bud has only to come on the stage wearing a broken straw hat and saying "Oi!" to start roars of laughter that do not stop until, grasping a mike, he starts a pathetic song.

Now, as you all know, the Flanagan and Allen act consists chiefly of word-tangles and "Oi!"

It is the most baffling of all turns to remember.

Trying, for the purpose of this article, to get some of the jokes, for I could not recall any, I called up expert after expert, only to find that not more than one remained in all their memories.

This was Bud's remark: "I'm going to Mahogany." Chesney's elucidation, after some trouble, that he really meant "Goodwood," and then Bud's "Oi!"

The truth is that Flanagan and Allen rush these off at such a speed that each is forgotten, in turn, in the loud laughter.

It consists chiefly of a confusion of words, part of the ignorance of Bud's stage character.

He gets every word wrong, and, whenever corrected, merely says "Oi!" His "Oi!" has gone all over England.

Ideas Merchant

Bud's incurable stupidity and Chesney's pained protests are the whole turn except that, at the end, Bud grasps a movable mike and the two walk off together, Chesney's arm around Bud, singing in a hoarse whisper, "Underneath the Arches" or one of its re-writes.

Bud is himself responsible for the whole thing. He invents all the gags.

He almost always writes his own songs, although Sam Mayo's "Down-and-Out Blues," sung in the Cochran show after Sam's death, was put on, partly as an act of friendship, to prove a great success.

Then, as part of the Crazy Show, Bud becomes the most prolific inventor of them all. They improvise. They fool around. You never know what is coming. They continue it in the dressing-room behind the scenes. This has gone on year after year.

Robert Winthrop's father, who was a strict Jew, little knew what he was trying to stop when, going into a trial matinée at the London Music Hall, Shoreditch, one Saturday afternoon, still his venerated Shabbos, he found that what he had been told was true—his bad son was breaking the Sabbath by going on as a boy conjurer.

Write to "John Bull" About it

Care of the teeth is the most neglected health service of all

Facts About TEETH!

ONE of the happiest letters it has been our lot to read for some time has reached us from Mr. J. Malcolm Allcroft, of Merthyr Tydfil.

He has been to the dentist.

And since that visit, in health, well-being, freedom from worry and greater enjoyment of life, he feels like a man reborn.

But there's a sting in the tail of that letter. That's why Mr. Allcroft wrote it.

Can't Afford It

He's not out to advertise what he calls his own "miraculous rejuvenation."

He wonders why all the workmates who surround him are debarred a two-thirds National Health grant towards the cost of such a miracle.

His approved society gives dental benefits. So he is "reborn."

Their various approved societies don't. So they can't get a ha'penny.

They are denied admission to that brighter world into which a dentist has ushered Mr. Allcroft, and he is left wondering why.

Well, we'll tell him.

There are men well able to afford a shilling or so for the removal of a tooth that is poisoning their whole system — but they begrudge the money.

The State believes it is in the same position.

That's the answer to Mr. Allcroft in one sentence.

Successive Ministers of Health—and other authorities, too, both national and local—have been warned that dental neglect is making us a C3 nation.

They know that half the illness among industrial workers is caused by neglected teeth. The Prudential Approved Society, with 3,000,000 members, has told them.

The Board of Lunacy Control has shown them that a large section of our asylum population is under restraint through dental neglect.

The Army authorities have made it plain that they could get all the men they wanted if this subtle poisoning of the community were not at work.

The panel doctors have traced the prevalence of rheumatism and digestive disorders to the same source.

Various medical authorities saw Sir Kingsley Wood last year, when he was Minister of Health, and said that a comprehensive State dental service would probably save more in doctors' bills than it cost.

But nothing happens.

One million British schoolchildren couldn't have their teeth even looked at last year.

Blame the local authorities largely for that terrible fact.

Some of them are too cheeseparing to provide more than one dentist to every 10,000 schoolchildren.

What of the districts in which wise authority sees to it that every child leaves school with a healthy mouth?

The bulk of those children are never seen again by a dentist until they return, 25 years or so later, for complete extraction—their systems poisoned and their health steadily impaired over a period of years.

Denied, perhaps, the most important health service of all because their approved societies "can't afford" to give dental benefits, they turn up at the dentist in their forties.

Then it transpires that they have been rushed there by the doctor—health probably ruined.

Not So Lucky

And what of the lucky people whose approved societies can afford dental benefits?

They're not always so very lucky, after all.

So low are the fees permitted that thousands complain they are hustled into and out of the dentist's chair.

Often patients wanting one or two teeth replaced by dentures have been told to have the lot out. **All because it is cheaper in the long run to make a clean sweep.**

No set costing more than £5 10s. is allowed, no matter how much the special circumstances may call for it. And no temporary sets are permitted.

The plain fact is that the bulk of Great Britain has an almost primitive dental service.

In Whitehall—and many hundreds of the local Whitehalls of the nation—every penny is studied when it's a question of the nation's teeth.

That's why we're going to keep fighting for that State dental service. We're going to keep pushing down the throats of the Ministry of Health and other penny-scrapers that prevention of disease is better *and cheaper* than cure.

WITHOUT F... or FA...

Every week for many years the mos... has been published under the title ...ove... these articles have righted wrongs, chan...

This week we have three artic... combine them all under our famous ba...

Are We G... Our Mon... Worth?

DIE-HARDS are getting into battle order.

Spending by local authorities has reached the record total of £500,000,000 during the past year, and this, they say, with the country so heavily committed to rearmament, cannot go on.

As usual, the die-hards want to chop social services by half.

Their assault will begin in Parliament—with the Ministry of Health as the objective.

That Department's administration now costs £147,000,000 a year—more than £400,000 a day, £12 10s. a year for every household, £3 a year for every man, woman and child.

Now JOHN BULL doesn't want to cut social services. We have always fought against that.

But we think it is time to ask a question: Are we getting our money's worth for this tremendous outlay?

We want to know how the Ministry of Health can reconcile its claim of winning the fight against disease with the fact that, in the same year, and despite its vast expenditure, ill-health cost the nation £275,000,000?

In the nineteen years of its existence the Ministry of Health has become the greatest organisation of its kind in the world.

★

It has the knowledge, the machinery, and the money to fight for the people's welfare on a scale no other State can boast.

If it is not exercising that power effectively, we've got to know why.

Chief criticism that can be levelled against the Ministry is that it does not encourage people to make fullest use of the services for which they are paying so dearly.

It must learn the value of publicity, and break down the prejudice, especially among the middle classes, against accepting medical help provided with public money.

Again, this great Department is too prone to suppose that the people's health is best promoted by the guarantee of skilled medical attention and well-equipped hospitals.

The first essentials are good housing, pure water, efficient sanitation, and playing fields.

Tuberculosis is still claiming 30,000 lives a year.

That should not be possible in a country spending £2,800,000 a week on its State health services, and more advanced than any other in research and the provision of sanatoria.

True, tuberculosis victims are being cured at the rate of 12,000 a year, but most of them are susceptible to early relapse.

And they are sent back from sanatoria to live under the same conditions that wrecked their health.

The Ministry answers this indictment with the boast that 3,500,000 new houses have been built, and that a million people have been moved from the slums.

But more than 2,500,000 of these houses have been built by private enterprise, and there are still 3,000,000 people in slumland, and treble that number in conditions which barely escape the description.

This autumn marks the end of a five-year plan by the Ministry to wipe out 430,000

Mr. Elliot m...

FEAR FAVOUR!

t important article in "John Bull" ove. We are proud to recall that changed laws, exposed evils. rticles of vital importance, so we battle-cry.

Getting ney's

Mr. Elliot must answer these questions

slum properties, but only 169,000 dwellings have been demolished and replaced with better homes.

★

Overcrowding is still rife. Only 9,000 new houses have been supplied—a hundredth part of the number needed to end this evil.

And in all its housing schemes the Ministry refuses to face the fact that rehoused slum families must sink to an even lower standard of living to pay the "economic" rents demanded for their new homes.

That is why under-nourishment and ill-health are as prevalent on the new housing estates as they are in the worst slums.

What about maternity?

With jubilation, the Ministry announces that this year maternal mortality has been reduced to a record low level.

But when the information is analysed, it is found that the fall is not more than a tiny decimal point.

Two thousand mothers and 35,000 babies still die unnecessarily in this country every year.

Equally deplorable is the blind eye turned to the cancer scourge, which claims 70,000 lives yearly.

★

There can be no efficient treatment service for this disease except as part of national policy.

That policy does not exist.

Not more than a fifth of the cases come under the care of local authorities—and most of these only when they are so advanced that little treatment is possible.

Finally, there is the admission that during the past year £30,000,000 was paid out from the National Health Insurance funds alone in medical and cash benefits to sick workers.

Thirty million pounds to cure illnesses that so easily could have been prevented!

It is silly for the Ministry to announce that a few of these workers had drugs prescribed for them at a cost of £240 per individual.

That is small comfort to other workers who find that their panel doctors dare not order the best and newest medicines for them lest they are "carpeted" for extravagance.

If there was less meanness in this direction, much of the other huge expenditure of the Ministry of Health would be unnecessary.

Bone and muscle are the nation's safest and soundest investment.

Only if the Minister of Health can justify the scale and method of his investment will the cry of the die-hards be silenced.

100,000 eyes are ruined in the factories every year

Facts About EYES!

INDUSTRY is creating a new Kingdom of the Blind.

A Kingdom where even the one-eyed man is not King but Martyr.

A martyr, sometimes, to his own carelessness. But a martyr, more often than not, to the stupid, wicked indifference of employers.

And this Kingdom of the Blind is growing at a pace so rapid as to leave even the surgeons aghast.

One great London hospital estimates that more than 100,000 industrial eye injuries are sustained every year.

Appalling? Well, listen to this:—

The same hospital assures us that 85 per cent. of these casualties are preventable!

That grim fact is vouched for by all whose business brings them into daily contact with the first-aid posts of our industrial battlefields.

Folly

See how easily the ranks of the Needlessly Blind are swollen. Think first of the quite typical example quoted by a factory inspector.

He found two men working side by side on the same job. One, an old man, wore goggles. The other, a young fellow, was unprotected.

"Why don't you wear goggles like your mate?" asked the inspector.

"Ah," said the young man airily, "he's lost an eye already."

Such young fools exist by the thousand. Doctors tell of men who have had a dozen splinters removed from their eyes within two years, and still continue to scorn Safety First.

But far larger is the number of people—women and children as well as men—who are eventually brought into the Kingdom not by stupidity but by their understandable carelessness and the neglect of their employers.

Martyred

Thinking the accident too trivial to need hospital attention, they are treated by their foremen or mates.

A particle of grit is removed with a loop of horsehair, a toothpick, or even the point of a pocket-knife.

And the sufferer resumes his job.

In a day or two he is in agony. The seemingly insignificant wound has become infected.

Damage has been done that no hospital can repair. He is left partially blind.

Then he realises the full extent of his martyrdom. Compensation is denied him—for there is no official record of the injury having been caused during his occupation.

He is losing his sight. In consequence, he loses his job and cannot get another. For him there is only the prospect of life-long pauperism and disability.

A disability that grows more serious as time goes on.

His eye has to be removed—and every month 500 people suffer this horrible operation as a result of an accident at work.

Dread Danger

Whatever happens, there is the dreaded danger of "sympathetic ophthalmia." Which means that when sight of one eye is affected the other is likely to become infected also.

And all because of the lack of simple, elementary precautions against the worst disablement known to man!

But enough of heartbreaking explanations. Turn now to the methods by which the Kingdom of the Blind can be prevented from stretching across all industrial Britain.

To urge employers to provide adequate safety measures is useless. Those measures must be made compulsory: and their use by the workers must be enforced.

But they must also be of the right kind. Not devices which cause discomfort and prompt the workers to ignore them, nor which neglect the scientific lighting of factories and workshops

Faulty Lights

For bad lighting can be as great a menace to sight as any machine.

An obvious truth? Not obvious to many of even our well-intentioned employers.

A Midland factory was recently equipped with "modern" and "improved" lighting. The directors congratulated themselves on providing their staff with the best possible working conditions.

At once eye casualties leaped. Mishaps, many of them grave, became of daily occurrence.

Investigation proved that the imperceptible flicker of the high-powered lamps was causing the workpeople to miscalculate the speed of their machines.

Until every aspect of the problem is tackled by the Home Office, until every possible precaution against mishap is given the weight of law, the Kingdom of the Blind will continue to increase at an alarming rate.

MASTERPIECES of DETECTION

Great New Series By Louis C. S. Mansfield

famous private detective and author.

NO. I.—THE HAIR OF THE DOG . . .

Fenton ordered Haslam to be brought in. (In circle) the four-feet seven killer

"GOOD Lord, what fiendishness!"

Chief Detective-Inspector Fenton held up a hand to restrain his men at the kitchen door of No. 56, Clayton Street, Nelson, Lancs.

He looked down at the body of seventy-four-year-old Miss Ruth Clarkson and his face was pale.

"Whoever did this must have gone berserk. Look at those wounds! Blows were rained on her long after she was dead."

Even Detective-Inspector Duncan, chief of the Fingerprint and Photographic Squad, who has recorded dozens of murder scenes, could not restrain a shudder as he stepped into the room.

The floor, walls, furniture and ceiling were splashed with the blood of the aged spinster, whose half-dressed body lay by an overturned chair.

She had been dead for some days.

"So, the neighbours *were* right,' muttered Duncan. "There *was* something strange about her sudden disappearance!"

There could be no doubt that the motive was robbery. Every drawer had been ransacked by the killer in a search for loot.

★

Quietly Chief Inspector Fenton gave orders to the waiting detectives and started to examine the rest of the house.

Every room had been turned inside out.

Cupboards had been broken open. Cases stood up-ended with their contents tumbled on the floor.

Drawers had been pulled out and then left hanging drunkenly from their slides.

One of the detectives found that the marauder had even drawn up a stout chair, stood on it and searched a small shelf five feet nine inches from the ground.

But Miss Clarkson's bedroom was the strangest sight of all.

The body of a fox-terrier hung from one of the bedposts. The animal had been kicked and then strangled by a cord passed round the post.

★

Here, also, the killer had searched.

Bedding thrown into a corner of the room bore the imprint of bloodstained hands.

The contents of the wardrobe had been piled in front of the open door.

Brushes, combs and powder bowls had been swept from the dressing-table, while two empty jewel cases lay in the centre of the room.

When he had finished his survey Fenton mapped out his plan of campaign.

He set a squad of detectives to question householders up and down the road, while Duncan and his men got to work with their cameras and camel-hair brushes.

★

Then the police surgeon arrived.

It did not take the doctor long to come to his decisions:

"I won't be able to tell you exactly how long she's been dead until I've had time to carry out an autopsy, but it's probably three or four days," he reported.

"She's been killed with a sharp weapon similar to a light chopper or something of that sort.

"The killer first struck her from behind. Then, when she turned to face him, he hit her repeatedly over the face and head.

"Finally, when she had collapsed, he continued to batter her until after life was extinct."

"Do you think it *was* a chopper?" asked a detective.

"Candidly, I don't!" was the answer.

"The murder weapon was, however, something very sharp and fairly heavy.

"But I would expect a chopper to inflict deeper wounds unless it was wielded by someone who wasn't very strong."

The detective turned to a colleague:

"I wonder if this job was done by a woman? Or by a young boy?

"You know, Inspector Duncan has found a rather small palm print—rather like that of a kid of fourteen—on the back of the chair near Miss Clarkson's body.

"And then there's that chair under the shelf.

"A man wouldn't have to stand on a chair to examine a shelf only five feet nine from the ground. He'd be able to reach it easily. But a kid or a small woman wouldn't!"

★

"You're right there," replied the other.

"Unless that chair's a 'blind,' the person who stood on it must be well under five feet.

"But, somehow, I don't think it could have been a youngster. That kind of murder's usually accidental.

"He whacks someone over the head and then gets the wind up when he finds the person's dead. He usually only strikes one or two blows.

"Only an adult killer could do a job like this!"

At that moment Inspector Duncan appeared holding a tyre lever in his rubber-gloved hands.

"Could this be the weapon, doctor?" he asked. "We've just found it in the kitchen."

The doctor took the lever, turned it over carefully and found that it had been roughly sharpened down one side.

"I believe that's it!" he cried excitedly. "That explains why the wounds weren't quite so deep as I would have expected.

★

"But I'll tell you one thing! The man who used this must have been terribly strong.

"No ordinary man could have used this weapon so effectively."

"But how does that compare with the palm print I've found?" asked Duncan. "There's a similar print on the lever.

"So whoever handled the chair must have committed the murder.

"But I'll swear that print comes from a very small person. It's either the hand of a young boy or a man considerably below average height!"

"I don't know anything about his size," declared the doctor, "but his strength is phenomenal. The killer has got the strength of two ordinary human beings!"

Since there was very little else to be found at the scene of the crime, Inspec-

(Continued on page 24)

The ease with which Mansion Polish imparts a brilliant and lasting polish to Floors and Furniture saves endless trouble. And 'Mansion' also ensures a healthier home because its antiseptic properties destroy dust germs.

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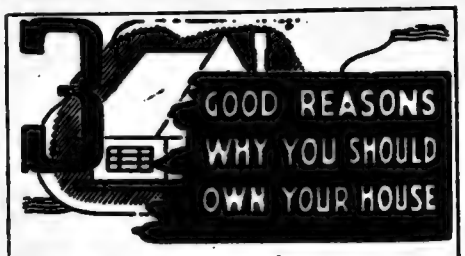

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Like chocolates?

HERE'S HOW TO GET

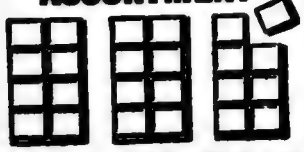
MORE BITES FOR 2d

New way of buying chocolates gives you more for your money and lets you pick your own assortment

How would you like to get 8 delicious soft-centred chocolates for 2d. or 24 for 6d.? Well, you can have them—by simply walking into the nearest shop and buying a Cadburys Filled Block.

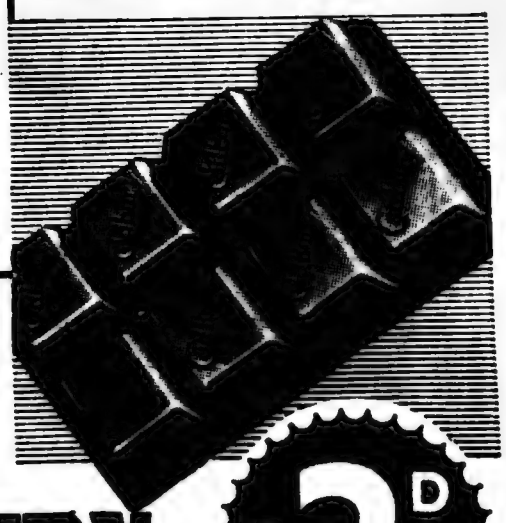
Each Filled Block costs 2d. and has 8 sections—that's 8 soft-centred chocolates joined together for the sake of economy. It's cheaper to make chocolates 8 at a time and the saving is passed on to you. And buying chocolates this way you select your own favourite soft centres. There's a wonderful choice of flavour favourites to choose from. Take your pick from Marzipan, Caramello—ask to see the whole twelve flavour-favourites. For value *and* flavour you can't beat Cadburys Filled Blocks.

CHOOSE YOUR OWN ASSORTMENT



Each Cadburys Filled Block costs 2d. and has 8 sections of the same soft-centre filling. So when you spend, say 6d., you can choose three different soft centres and make up your own perfect assortment. And don't forget the amazing value . . .

24 CHOCOLATES FOR 6D



Marzipan, Caramello, Turkish Delight, Milk Coffee Truffle and every other favourite flavour

CADBURY FILLED BLOCKS

2oz 2D.

How to have lovely, lustrous hair *like this*

End DRY SCALP *this quick, easy way*

WHATEVER you do to your hair, if it's dry, you'll never get it to look really nice. Dry hair is due to Dry Scalp. If unchecked it leads to falling hair, dandruff and scurf.

Here's a quick, easy way to end dry scalp troubles. Always before you shampoo sprinkle on a few drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic — massage with the finger-tips until your scalp tingles pleasantly. Then shampoo with 'Vaseline' Soapless Shampoo. It's *soapless* — no powdery scum is left in your hair. Your hair gleams with new lights, 'sets' better.

Start with 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic and 'Vaseline' Soapless Shampoo right away. Soon your hair will be gorgeously silky and lovely.

Use 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic as a dressing, too. A little on your hair keeps it in place, brings out the high-lights. And it is so economical — you need only a little for a massage. Two sizes, 1/6 and 3/- (three times as much in larger bottle). 'Vaseline' Soapless Shampoo 4d. (Prices not applicable to Eire.)

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MARVELLOUS FREE OFFER!

For a trial bottle of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic and 'Vaseline' Soapless Shampoo send two penny stamps, with your name and address (in block letters), to Dept. WJB 24, Chesebrough Mfg. Co. Cons'd., Victoria Road, London, N.W.10.

PS. *Don't forget to use 'Vaseline' Soapless Shampoo*

NOT FROM THE B.B.C.

HIGHBROW HIGH JINKS

When the Law is on vacation and the House is in recess,
When doughty hunters can't lasso the monster of Loch Ness,
When film stars fail to furnish us with thought-provoking views
And crooks are all on holiday—then scientists are "news"!

When summer's slightly groggy, but is not yet down and out,
When football tries to muscle in while cricket loafs about,
When the Silly Season lingers, strangely disinclined to pass,
Then three cheers for the glamour boys who form the British Ass.!

YOU must admit that the big shots of the British Association, who have been making whoopee at Cambridge, are a change after a steady diet of fitness girls, carnival queens and superfluous Godivas.

Once a year, having spent eleven months crouching over test tubes or spying on the love life of the bluebottle, these grave scientists come prancing into the news like a bevy of Tiller Girls, and the bloke in the street forthwith learns that whatever he has been thinking is altogether wrong.

We are, for instance, accustomed to think of the robin redbreast as one of the sweetest and gentlest of creatures, eminently qualified to write a heartthrob page for a Sunday newspaper.

But, no! Mr. David Lack has been spilling the beans about Robin, and the hero of a thousand Christmas cards now stands exposed as one of the worst gangsters of the feathered underworld.

★

Then another learned scientist spoke of "that exact co-ordination of mind and muscle which is one of the essentials of perfect health," whereupon the thoughts of untrained thinkers flew to Hutton knocking up 364 and breaking Australia's heart into crazy paving.

But, once again, no! "The art of dealing out cards" was what our professor quoted as an example of such co-ordination—which is at least welcome news to those of us who refuse to keep fit unless we are allowed to do it in a sitting posture.

"Our real glamour boys . . ."

Even more welcome for many will be the good news that "Grammar in human speech is an unnecessary complication and is, in fact, being gradually done away with."

Here, indeed, is a boon which far excels the gearless car, and even the wireless clothes-line, which, I am told, is to be the star exhibit at next year's meeting of the Ass.

"Hip, hip, hooray!" is what I say!
Put grammar on the spot!
Then none needs care if "was" or "were"
Is proper or are not! Y. Z.

Masterpieces of Detection

(Continued from Page 22)

tor Fenton sent the tyre lever to the police laboratory for microscopic examination.

He also sent specimens of the dead woman's hair and blood, specimens from the fox-terrier and a bundle of blood-stained rags which had been picked up in the house.

Then he detailed men to interview Miss Clarkson's relatives and friends and get an exact description of all the jewellery and other portable property which the dead woman may have owned.

★

It was while he was waiting for these reports that Inspector Duncan came to discuss the case.

"Well, chief," asked the fingerprint expert, "what do you make of the medical report? How do you think it compares with that small palm print we found?"

"*It looks to me as if the woman was killed by a dwarf who must have unusually powerful hands.* That's the only possible explanation that will fit the facts!"

"By Jove, I believe you're right!" exclaimed Duncan.

Fenton continued: "I think you'll find that the killer has been near that house before."

"And he went there, this time, with every intention of committing murder! He killed the woman deliberately, before he started robbing the place!

"I believe that the killer broke into the house, crept up behind Miss Clarkson in the kitchen and struck her down.

"Then, not knowing about the dog, he left his tyre lever there and started to ransack the place.

"When he got to the bedroom the dog either attacked him or else started to bark. Not having a weapon, he gave it a kick to keep it quiet.

"Of course, that made the dog bark louder. So he decided to silence it for good by kicking it insensible and then strangling it!

★

A short time later detectives returned with the description of a small quantity of jewellery which the dead woman had possessed and which they had been unable to find in the house.

Two days passed. Then the expert from the police laboratory 'phoned through.

"This tyre lever is the murder weapon all right," he said. "There's not the slightest doubt about it. We've tested the blood on it and it belongs to Group 'O,' the same class as that of Miss Clarkson.

"And here's another thing which may interest you! The lever has a quantity of mineral matter ground into the sharp edge. It looks as if it had been sharpened on cement work or concrete, or something like that!"

"How about a doorstep?" queried the practical Chief Inspector.

"That's it exactly!" came the answer.

In the hours that followed Fenton ordered a check-up of all known men who were considerably below normal height. He wanted a detailed report of each man's movements about the time of the crime.

Suddenly his telephone bell shrilled loudly.

"Hullo! Is that you, Chief?" came the voice of Detective-Constable Gregson.

"I've just located a quantity of the Clarkson jewellery in a pawnshop. The pawnbroker says it was sold to him by a man named Max Meyer Haslam, of Vernon Street, Nelson.

"*And what do you know about this? Haslam's a dwarf!*"

Quickly the Chief Inspector checked up on Haslam.

He found that on June 15, 1936, a few days before the murder, Haslam had bought a tyre lever and later was seen sharpening it on the doorstep of his lodgings!

★

He found, too, that Haslam had been missing from his rooms between 11.10 p.m. and 7.20 a.m. on the night of June 19-20.

He also discovered that Haslam had been penniless on the day before the murder, but afterwards had so much money that he was able to throw it about.

One of his detectives soon found a man named Thomas Barlow, an acquaintance of Haslam's, who confessed that the dwarf had offered him £200 "to help shift a body!"

"You can drive a car, can't you?" Haslam had asked Barlow.

"Well, I've got a body to shift and I want it dumped in a swamp," was the dwarf's surprising answer. "There's £200 in it for you if you'll help me!"

"Don't be silly! You're joking!" said the astonished Barlow. "You don't really mean what you're saying?"

Haslam must have realised that he had made a mistake when he saw the surprise and horror on Barlow's face.

"Yeah, that's it," he said. "I was only kidding!"

On the heels of this came a message from one of the detectives watching the dwarf.

"He's been making enquiries about train times," was the report. "It looks as if he's thinking of doing a bunk!"

"O.K. Bring him in!" Fenton ordered.

With Haslam under arrest, the Chief Inspector took out a search warrant and went over the man's room with a fine-tooth comb.

He found an old blue suit, a shirt, soft black hat and a pair of black boots that were stained with blood.

Fenton sent the suit, shirt, hat and boots to the police laboratory, along with a lump of concrete which he chipped from the doorstep at the lodging house.

★

When the expert 'phoned again he sealed Haslam's doom:

"That blood is Miss Clarkson's," came the message. "There can't be any doubt about it.

"There's no doubt, either, that the mineral matter on the tyre lever came from the same doorstep from which you chipped that piece of concrete.

"And here's something else. On Haslam's right boot we found two dog hairs which came from Miss Clarkson's fox-terrier! Dog hairs differ just as much as human hairs. Those two hairs could have come only from that one dog!"

Of course, Haslam tried to lie his way out of it!

He lied to Fenton.

He lied to Mr. Justice Lawrence and the jury who tried him at the Manchester Assizes during the second week in December, 1936.

But it didn't do him any good!

He even tried to lie to the hangman as he stood on the scaffold on February 4, 1937.

And so died Max Meyer Haslam, four feet seven dwarf—the first man to be hanged in England on the evidence of a dog's hair.

Protect Your Radio

HOW many radio enthusiasts, happy in the possession of a set which they couldn't lightly replace, have found themselves deprived of the old favourite in less time than it takes to snap the fingers!

Such a misfortune befell a Midlands widow during one of the thunderstorms that interrupted the recent heat-wave.

An ear-splitting roar, a flash that almost blinded, a smell of burning—and the set that had given her so many happy hours was damaged beyond repair.

She felt happier about it when she remembered an old friend that had helped her in a previous misfortune.

That old friend was JOHN BULL'S unique free family insurance scheme, for the full protection of which she had qualified by the simple act of signing a coupon.

She wrote to that old friend again—and received a cheque that brought the wonders of modern wireless within her reach again.

So when you look at your wireless set let it remind you to protect yourself and yours by the simple act of signing a coupon—if you haven't done so already.

You'll find it on page 2. It isn't the work of a minute to protect yourself.

A 'plus' dog is never listless —always keen and lively

"FEEDS AFTER WALKING MILES"

"Every day my dog Prince walks for miles with the postman," writes Miss R. D. of Leeds. "When he comes in he is as fresh as ever. The postman says he wishes he had as much energy. Bob Martin's have made Prince as lively and happy a dog as you could find."

IF YOUR DOG IS LISTLESS—if he tires easily or sits down to scratch himself after a game—it is a danger sign that he is in low condition. Listlessness simply means that your dog's blood is loaded with impurities, which have made his liver sluggish.

Whenever the weather warms up, these impurities are aggravated so rapidly that a dog can lose his health and good spirits in a day. That is why he sometimes becomes snappish and sulky—quite unlike the lovable good-natured fellow he usually is.

Your dog cannot rid himself of blood impurities by perspiring, because there are *no pores in his skin.* Nature's way to keep him in condition is to provide blood correctives among certain wild grasses. But these are beyond your dog's reach, and in their place you should provide him with Bob Martin's Condition Powders, which contain the natural blood correctives he needs.

'PLUS' DOGS NEVER FLOP

Because his blood is kept pure by Bob Martin's Condition Powders, a 'plus' dog never scratches, never has a shabby coat. These famous Powders prevent and cure all the common blood disorders, such as scratching, listlessness, sour breath, loss of appetite, loose coat and eczema. The result of regular Bob Martin's is that dogs enjoy a life of constant health and happiness.

MAKE YOUR DOG A 'PLUS' DOG

'One Bob Martin's once a day' will bring a sparkle to his eye, the bloom of health to his coat and a healthy swagger to his step. He'll be a 'plus' dog. And so keen on his exercise, that he'll be taking *you* for a walk!

BEWARE SEPTEMBER SKIN TROUBLES

Late summer is a dangerous time for a dog *out of condition.* The hot weather has aggravated the impurities in his blood, leaving him liable to eczema, swellings between the toes, and other blood disorders so common at this season. If you have neglected to condition your dog, you must act promptly! Purify his blood *now* with a course of Bob Martin's (3 powders a day for a week) and then *keep* him a 'plus' dog with 'one Bob Martin's once a day.' In packets, 6d. and 1/-, from all chemists and dog-food shops.

to keep dogs fit the *'plus'* dog way

Bob Martin's

is the rule to-day

Fo' Square, chase dem blues away!

Lawdy, Massa, dat Four Square sho' is one grand tobacco. I done say to my first pipeful: Elucidate yo'self, Four Square, elucidate yo'self. How come you-all so good to smoke? Get wise to yo'self, fella, says dat tobacco, get wise to yo'self. Does you not work in dem tobacco plantations? Sho'ly you is not supposin' Four Square would have any truck wid dem no-account artificial flavourings? Massa, dat Four Square was suttinly right. Dis ole fella wouldn't trade dat little round tin for all de silver dollars in de bank!

FOUR SQUARE
VACUUM PACKED TOBACCOS

EMPIRE DE LUXE BLENDS		ORIGINAL BLENDS	
Mixture (Green Squares)	10½d. oz.	Mixture—Original (Blue Squares)	1/2½d. oz.
Curlies (Purple Squares)	10½d. oz.	*Mixture—Medium-Light (Blue Squares)	1/2½d. oz.
Cut Cake (Yellow Squares)	11d. oz.	Matured Virginia—Original (Red Squares)	1/3d. oz.
Ripe Brown (Brown Squares)	11d. oz.	*Matured Virginia—Ready Rubbed (Red Squares)	1/3d. oz.

All blends are Medium Strength and are sold in tins only *New blends

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Guaranteed to be made from 100% genuine Virginia Leaf.

GEORGE DOBIE & SON, LTD. (*Manufacturers of Quality Tobaccos since* 1800), PAISLEY, SCOTLAND

Basil Butler

CROSSWORD No. 124
TERMS AND CONDITIONS

ON page 24 is presented the 124th of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an Adjudication Committee, consisting of the following:—The Editor of JOHN BULL; Doctor Lascelles Abercrombie, Litt.D., D.Lit., M.A.; and Doctor C. E. M. Joad, M.A., D.Lit.

Each entry received will be carefully considered, and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one Entry Form has completed the Puzzle and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the winning Puzzle Square.

If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists the Adjudication Committee decides that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at these points, which will be duly indicated when result and winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL published Thursday, September 22, 1938. The reasons which decided the Committee's Award will be published in JOHN BULL'S free weekly "Crossword Gazette," complimentary copy of which is obtainable by sending penny postcard to Gazette Dept., 36, Bedford Street, W.C.2. The Second Prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties the appropriate cash prize will be equally divided, but not more than one cash prize and one other prize will be allowed to one entrant in any one contest.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

After 2 Years' Baldness

"For two years I was bald all over the top of my head. I tried different preparations, but they did no good. I remained bald until I used Kotalko. New hair came almost immediately, and kept on growing. In a short time I had a splendid head of hair, which has been perfect ever since."

H. A. WILD.

KOTALKO
YOUR HAIR GROWER

If Bald, Going Bald, Losing Hair through Dandruff or any other cause, post or send copy of coupon below.

To JOHN HARY BRITAIN, Ltd., 9, Percy St., (SBED), London, W.1. Please send me, post paid, Testing Package of Kotalko and Kotalko Soap with directions, for which I enclose 3d. in stamps

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

Feed Hair Roots with KOTALKO Cleanse and Soften Hair Follicles with KOTALKO SCALP SOAP—the Tonic Shampoo.

RHAPSODY in RED

Rosa's eyes would flash love at one moment and hatred the next

READER'S STORY By
W. E. LOVERING
44, Humphrey Street, Liverpool, 20

IN her soft clinging frock, Rosa certainly looked delicious that moonlit night when I called her a Rhapsody in Red.

I met her first in a night club in Kingston, Jamaica, and we danced togetner.

Of course, I flirted with her.

She had a satiny skin like a dusky rose, teeth like pearls, long-lidded dark eyes, oval face and raven-black hair.

Make no mistake about Rosa. She was a respectable girl.

Often I took her out to dine and dance with permission of her aunt, with whom she was staying.

We toyed with love—at least I did—and squabbled often.

It would be impossible for any man to pursue a peaceful path with so capricious a beauty as Rosa.

Her moods changed with bewildering rapidity, from gay to scornful, lovable to savage, passionate to disdainful.

Her eyes would flash love at one moment and hatred the next.

I held her at bay—it was a difficult task—until the unfortunate moment that led to all the trouble.

She had put her soft arms round my neck and was sitting on my knee.

"I love you," she whispered. "You will marry me and we will be, oh, so 'appy."

Naturally I kissed her, and I suppose she thought that sealed it.

But when I had escaped from her charms I realised I had gone farther than was judicious with this hot-blooded maiden, and resolved to keep away from her.

To marry her was unthinkable.

I was only stationed for a short time in Jamaica, and I could not afford a wife.

In any case the tempestuous Rosa would have saddled me with hopeless difficulties in my Army career.

After a few days' absence she sent for me.

I was polite, but she saw at once that something was wrong.

She cajoled and pleaded and turned into a spitfire when I refused to respond.

I told her I was going away.

"Ah, it cannot be!" she sobbed. "You may not leave me. I will kill you if you marry me not!"

Her mood suddenly changed. "See, I do this!" She snapped her fingers in my face. "And you come to me like leetle pupy-dog! See!"

"Rosa," I said, "do be sensible."

She quietened down and smiled.

"My father he come here to-morrow from Cuba."

"Oh! For long?"

She shrugged her shoulders and glanced at me under her long eyelids.

"Two—three day maybe. He take us back with 'im when he return."

"Us?" I echoed.

"Si, si—Senor Bill and his Senora." She gave me a malicious little curtsy.

I tried to reason with her. I told her plainly that I was willing to be a friend but not a husband.

"So?" she cried scornfully, her arms akimbo. "You scorn Rosa's love! You damn big fool Inglese! I show you!"

She turned, stamped her foot, and left me.

TWO nights later I motored round to the bar of the night club for a drink.

It was empty save for the musicians tuning their instruments.

The bar-tender gave me an iced drink and I sat on a stool enjoying it.

A man sidled up and eyed me. He was a sallow, middle-aged West Indian with a long moustache.

"I am Galdez—Rosa's father, Senor," he said in a low voice. "You will leave this bar please and go to your car. Otherwise——"

He did not complete the sentence. I felt a gun pushed against my ribs.

I didn't like the gleam in his eyes, and I didn't want a slug in my belly. So I led the way out.

Still covering me, he ordered me to get into my car and drive to a place called the Palisadoes, a long peninsula some miles out and a lonely spot at night.

I had no alternative but to obey.

Galdez sat by my side, the gun turned on me. We did not speak, but I felt the cold sweat on my brow.

WHEN we reached the Palisadoes I slowed down, wondering how I could get his weapon.

"Go on, Senor," he commanded.

"What do you want with me?"

"No man," he said softly, "who make a mistress of my Rosa shall live."

"It's a lie!" I shouted.

"I expec' zat, yes!" he retorted. "My leetle Rosa tell me 'erself. You break 'er 'eart, Senor, and you shall die."

I shivered. No house was in sight. There were only the empty road before us, bathed in moonshine, and the glittering sea beyond.

Easy for him to shoot me here and throw my body into the sea! Just a splash—and the sharks would do the rest. There would be no evidence against him, for no one had seen him with me.

He must have read my thoughts. He almost chuckled as he spoke again.

"Ze ship, *Cuban Queen*, she leave Kingston 'Arbour at seven in ze morning, Senor. I give you one chance. You come as 'usband of Rosa, or—pouf! ...."

At this moment I saw the lights of a car swing round a bend in the road towards us.

Gradually, carefully, I edged my car towards the crown of the road. Then, in the last few yards, drove straight at the incoming car, turned away almost at the point of impact, and jammed on the brake.

Crash! The buffers locked. Our wings telescoped with a roar.

As my car had a left-hand drive, Galdez was on the side of the collision. The impact threw him forward for a moment. He did what I had hoped—threw out his hands to protect himself.

In a second, I seized him by the throat and struggled for the gun.

HE pressed the trigger, but the bullet passed harmlessly through the roof. Then, with a smashing blow on his jaw, I grabbed the gun with my free hand.

The door was flung open by the driver of the other car.

"What the devil does this mean?" cried an irate English voice.

Fortunately, I recognised the speaker. He was a doctor who, as it chanced, had introduced me to Rosa!

"It means, Doc," I said, "that this man is Rosa's father. And he's forced me out here to murder me."

I had him well covered with his own automatic.

"Senor Galdez," I said, quietly and slowly, "I shall expect you to embark on the *Cuban Queen* at seven in the morning, and with Rosa. If you don't, I shall report you to the police for intent to murder. You understand?"

Galdez inclined his head and walked away into the shadows.

Next morning the shipping office confirmed that he and his daughter had sailed. But I confess that it was with a pang of sorrow I realised that the beautiful and turbulent Rosa had passed out of my life.

Biggest Ever!

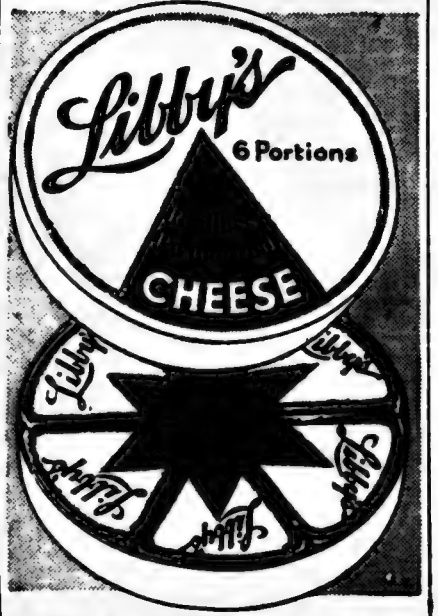
FOURTEEN seamstresses will soon make history.

They are going to sew up 12,000 yards of rayon, which will cover the ceiling of the Grand Hall at Olympia for Woman's Fair in November.

This will be the biggest length of this material ever displayed to the public.

Enough to go twice round Hyde Park and to make dresses for 3,000 women!

An everyday meal nourishing and appetising.



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MANGE
ECZEMA
WORMS
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etc. . . . etc.

From 1/6 a bottle.

Write for particulars to the sole proprietors:—

BENBOW'S DOG MIXTURE CO., LTD.

Dept. "J.B." 2, Bartholomew Close, E.C.1

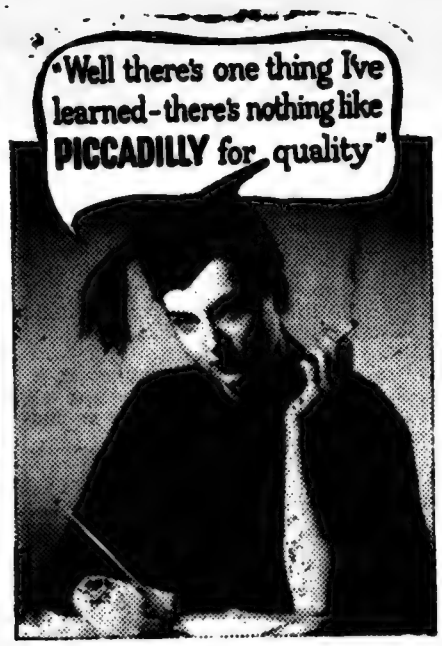
BACKBONE OF ENGLAND

Hope you have good luck at market today, Bob.
Luck! You know I never have any luck these days, Mary! If things get any worse with me I'll have to chuck farming—become a day-labourer
But why do we have worse luck than other people, Bob? The land's good and you were born and brought up to farming.
Oh, it's not the land, Mary... it's me! I'm done in... been feeling under the weather for months now...
Bob's bringing some mighty poor stuff in to market these days. What's up wi' him?
He's gone lazy, that's his trouble. You can't farm from an armchair these days...
RECKON I'M LACK DE TIRED? WELL I'M NOT! IF I FELT A BIT FRESHER I'D SHOW 'EM. BUT WHAT'S THE USE WITH THIS DEAD WEIGHT OF TIREDNESS PULLING ON ME ALL THE TIME...
BUT MEANWHILE MARY WAS ACTING SWIFTLY
No, it's not me this time Doctor, it's Bob—
... he even wakes tired, Doctor!
You did quite right to tell me, it's Night Starvation, I'm sure of it. You see, even at night he goes on using up energy in breathing, heartbeats and other automatic actions. Under-energy is replaced during sleep but he's bound to wake tired, feel unequal to his job. He needs Horlicks
AND SO EVERY NIGHT AFTER THAT—
This Horlicks is putting new heart into me, Mary!
THREE MONTHS LATER
Came by your place this morning, Bob—noticed you're breaking up those top fields of yours. Good work!
Yes, I've got some big plans for the autumn
THANKS! THAT'S LIKE MY BOB AGAIN—THANKS TO HORLICKS!
DOES YOUR HUSBAND WAKE TIRED, FEEL UNEQUAL TO HIS JOB?

IF so, give him Horlicks, a cupful regularly last thing at night. He'll wake refreshed every morning. In a few weeks he'll get all his vitality, 'drive' and self-confidence back. Get Horlicks today. Prices from 2/-, at all chemists and grocers. Mixers 6d. and 1/-.

HORLICKS

GUARDS AGAINST NIGHT STARVATION



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P.J 215

PARTICULAR PEOPLE **PICCADILLY**

Few lads escape these painful eruptions, to some they are a constant and humiliating plague. If you have a son so afflicted, bathe the boils frequently and thoroughly with hot water and plenty of Cuticura Soap. After each fomentation anoint the boils liberally with Cuticura Ointment. This is the most effective outward treatment you can use for boils, pimples, and even stubborn ulcers, such as bad legs. Cuticura carries its cleansing, germ-killing, healing properties to the very core of the eruption. It speedily allays irritation and inflammation and induces a healthy condition which permits the formation of sound flesh and new skin.

Cuticura is the ideal first-aid and healer for cuts, grazes and all skin injuries. No germ can live in contact with Cuticura. It therefore gives sure protection against festering and septic poisoning.

In the home, the garage, garden and workshop, one's hands get in the wars; children at play tumble and bark their knees. For safety's sake keep a tin of Cuticura handy.

WORKS MIRACLES WITH STUBBORN ECZEMA. Stops the tormenting itch almost the moment it touches the skin, and often a single tin banishes an eruption of years' standing.

★ *Use Cuticura Soap in the bath and for washing. It is as soothing to the skin as fresh dairy cream.*

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The cost of a new durable weathertight roof for any small building

is only the cost of a roll of

PLUVEX

Standard 5/6. Heavy 7/6

108 sq. ft. in every roll

Of Ironmongers and Builders' Merchants. Send coupon for interesting FREE Booklet "How to make a sound job of a small roof" and samples of PLUVEX.

PLUVEX ROOF FELT

To The Ruberoid Co., Ltd., 139 Lincoln House, High Holborn, London, WC1
Please send me samples of Pluvex and also a copy of your FREE Book which tells me how I can roof any small building, at little cost.

Name.....

Address.....

I am the Perfect Husband—

BUT MY WIFE CAN'T STAND ME!

CAN you believe it? A man has written to me this week telling me that he has no vices at all.

He is proud to say he is a non-smoker, a strict teetotaller, has never made a bet or bought a sweepstake ticket, never wastes money on foolish extravagances, and, of course, he has always kept the Ten Commandments.

Well, well! He is a rare specimen.

The law should do something to save the few who are left from extinction.

On second thoughts I am not so sure about that. There is another part of the story.

But before I pass on to that I might mention that I have heard of another of the same species.

He said (if my memory does not mislead me): "Lord, I thank thee that I am not as other men . . ." He was called by a harsh name.

★

But the rest of the story somehow does not quite fit in with the early part.

He tells me that his wife has left him and refuses to return. She has told him bluntly that she can't stand him any more.

She even declared that if she did not get away she would probably murder him.

Strange, isn't it? Here is a woman who is wedded to a paragon of all the virtues, and she can't endure the sight of him!

And now this badly treated husband writes to ask me how he can compel her to come back.

He says he has always been reasonable and unselfish; that a woman should be content with her home life and not want to go gadding to pictures and theatres; that the work of looking after her husband should be "a pleasure as well as a duty."

★

Now the deserted husband can hardly *force* his wife to return! He might, however, *persuade* her to come back if he——

Stopped being so extremely reasonable and did something reckless occasionally—if it was only "busting" a pound note on an evening's wild extravagance;

Acquired one or two human weaknesses to relieve the pressure of so much perfection;

Came down from that pedestal.

It is bad enough when a man puts his wife on a pedestal.

But when he puts himself on one and expects homage, he isn't going to "get away with it."

I might also point out two other things. The first is that all the great saints have been terribly aware of their own exceeding sinfulness.

They have never boasted of their merits. They have always been conscious of their many shortcomings.

Second is that negative virtues do not necessarily make for happiness.

If a woman feels that she can't stand the sight of her husband, it is not due to what he does or refrains from doing: it is due to what he is.

I know non-smokers, non-gamblers, non-drinkers who are fine men and excellent company.

But I know many others who are so dull that one longs to hit them.

Quite a few of them, in spite of all their virtues, are dreadful grumblers. Nothing ever seems right for them.

They remind one of the lady described by Dickens, who was so good that other people's wickedness made her frown all her life.

★

Now for another type of problem.

A young woman had the misfortune to marry a Jekyll-and-Hyde personality, and this is what she says:—

"After only a few months of the most terrifying experiences I was reduced to a physical wreck, and to avert tragedy and to try to regain my health I was ordered to leave him.

"He was either an angel or a devil, but only my mother and I saw the devilish side of him."

That happened years ago. The writer of the letter is now free to marry again, but (to quote her own words) "the constant fear of men is spoiling my life. Please tell me what course I should adopt to conquer this terrible fear."

First of all, I would strongly recommend a good dose of common-sense.

The writer must know that men are not all like the one she had the misfortune to wed.

★

We are none of us 100 per cent. angel or devil, but a mixture of varying proportions.

Many of us are weak, or foolish, or both; but few are terrifyingly evil.

But fear is a demon which cannot be driven out by argument.

It haunts a depressed mind and refuses to be dislodged without a struggle. It must be faced. It is useless to "try to forget" until it has been dragged into daylight.

Instead of brooding upon the past, the lady must look around her and ahead.

★

She must get to know normal, decent men—plenty of men—and in a short time she will cease to shudder at the thought of them.

The average woman can twist her man round her little finger.

He makes her angry sometimes when he is unreasonable or stupid, but she never thinks of him as a sort of frightful monster like Caliban or Bluebeard.

And rightly so, for he is nothing of the kind.

It has been suggested that fear can be conquered by hypnotism or psycho-analysis; but of this I am certain, that a woman's fear of menfolk disappears when she gets to know them as fellow-mortals, who need all her tenderness and sympathy.

Another letter concerns a different sort of fear.

It comes from a wife whose husband is pursued by other women and in particular by one who comes uninvited to the house.

★

She says:

"I could not wish for a better husband. He is very good to us all.

"But I can see nothing but disaster if it goes on much longer. I am afraid of saying anything to him for fear of driving him to her.

"I don't want to insult her because I know he likes her, but I don't think there is any wrong in him. I did not bother at first because I thought it would not last, but it has been going on for months.

"What do you think I ought to do?"

Obviously the writer's husband is attractive to women, and that is one of the dangers in marrying a good-looking man. He is bound to have a following.

The particular woman who comes to the house is not nearly so dangerous as one who wants to meet him in secret.

A young woman who pursues a married man into his home must be a trifle simple, but she is preferable to the sly schemer.

I believe the wife is worrying unnecessarily, meeting troubles before they arrive.

If things are likely to go too far the wife must make a stand and tell the other woman bluntly that she is not requiring an understudy.

★

She must not allow herself to become bitter to her husband.

She should make a special effort to make herself as charming as possible.

Instead of scolding the man about the huntresses, she should try to make it a matter for light-hearted laughter.

This method will work nineteen times out of twenty, and I believe it will be successful here.

HUMANIST

is at your service—ready to solve your personal problems, give you his advice in every difficulty. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope for reply. £1 1s. is paid for each letter quoted.

"Greatest of These"

Joyce

ILLNESS has added to the problems of a Cardiff ex-Service man who has been unemployed for a long time.

Everything of value has been pawned, and rent arrears, doctor's bill and other debts amount to more than twelve pounds. He and his family are now threatened with eviction from their home.

There are four children to support. Joyce, aged thirteen, has been in hospital for eight weeks and can only regain her health by going to the seaside.

With a total income of only thirty-six shillings a week, worry retards her father's own recovery.

His parish clergyman recommends his case as particularly deserving help.

Our fund shrinks during the holiday season, but we appeal to our supporters not to leave this case unaided.

Donations should be earmarked "Joyce," and addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

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Reckitt's Pine Bath Cube

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WAKE
LIV
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The liver should
into your bowels
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feel sour, sunk,
Laxatives help
doesn't get at th
Carters Brand L
pints of bile flow
and up." Harml
bile flow freely.
Pills. Stubbornly
CLEAR
Don't suffer any
Catarrh. Get Y
nal of garlic, natur
take like ordinary
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relief. A sufferer
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has done wonder
For you, too, Y
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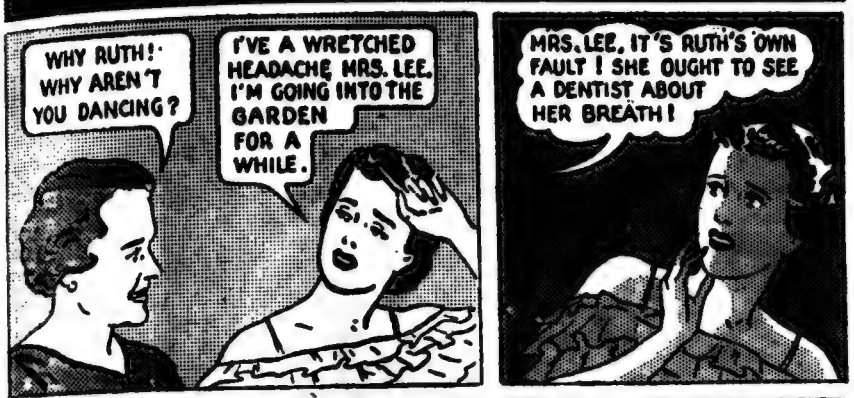
A WHISPER IN THE DARK...

BROUGHT ROMANCE TO RUTH


WHY RUTH! WHY AREN'T YOU DANCING?
I'VE A WRETCHED HEADACHE MRS. LEE. I'M GOING INTO THE GARDEN FOR A WHILE.
MRS. LEE, IT'S RUTH'S OWN FAULT! SHE OUGHT TO SEE A DENTIST ABOUT HER BREATH!

RUTH'S DENTIST TELLS HER...
TESTS INDICATE THAT 76 % OF ALL PEOPLE OVER THE AGE OF 17 HAVE BAD BREATH. AND TESTS ALSO SHOW THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM.
THEN-THANKS TO COLGATE'S...
RUTH DEAR, DOZENS OF MEN ARE LOOKING FOR YOU.
THAT'S WHY I'M HIDING HER HERE, MRS. LEE!

Now-NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!

Colgate's special penetrating foam gets into the hidden crevices between your teeth . . . emulsifies and washes away the decaying food deposits that cause most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth and much tooth decay. At the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens the enamel—makes the teeth sparkle! Get a tube to-day and watch results in your own mirror.

THREE SIZES 6d 1/- 1/6d

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

without Calomel—and you'll jump out of bed in the morning full of vim and vigour

The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk, and the world looks punk.

Laxatives help a little, but a mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carters Brand Little Liver Pills to get these two pints of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3 and 3/-

CLEAR THAT CATARRH

Don't suffer any longer the continued agonies of Catarrh. Get YADIL, which contains the essential oil of garlic, nature's great internal antiseptic that you take like ordinary medicine. It will clear your entire system of the poisoning germs and give you speedy relief. A sufferer says: "I have suffered for ten years from Catarrh . . . I tried all treatments . . . YADIL has done wonders for me . . . am now almost cured." For you, too, YADIL will do wonders.

YADIL

Safe INTERNAL Antiseptic

1/3 *and larger from Chemists or direct from:*

YADIL (1933) Ltd., Dept. J.B., Springfield, Clayton, E.5

PUFFY, SWOLLEN ACHING FEET?

-BLAME STALE FOOT ACID!

If you get piercing, torturing pains in your feet — if they puff-up and swell until they make your shoes feel like steel traps — blame the stale Foot Acid which collects in the skin-pores. Your feet have more pores than any other part of your body — 3,000 to every square inch of skin! They're the valves through which your feet perspire. Shoes and stockings stop perspiration flowing freely, so the pores get choked-up *and the stale perspiration turns acid.* Then this acid piles up in the muscles, and o-o-oh! your feet ache and burn — corns and callouses start to form. You've got to admit that acid or no-no suffering! The modern treatment is a daily foot-dip in warm water with a small handful of Radox added. This supercharges the water with life-giving oxygen which cleans out the clogged pores, lets the crippling acid get away. Swellings go down. Tired, burning, acid feet are cooled and comforted. Every chemist sells Radox. 1/6 per ten ounce pink packet, 2/6 double quantity. Also in cubes 3 for 7½d.

RADOX 10 oz. Pink Packet 1'6

NORMA KNIGHT's rise to stardom

EPISODE 14

Norma's first Professional Part

On the next Monday morning, Norma assembled with the other members of the cast to begin rehearsing.

Humphrey Carson himself was playing the part of a man who was engaged to the elder sister but in love with the younger.

The big scene between Humphrey Carson and Norma

Going out of the theatre that night, Norma heard someone say—

IF YOU ASK ME, OUR HUMPHREY ENJOYS PLAYING THAT PART WITH THE LITTLE KNIGHT GIRL.
WELL, SHE'S GOOD LOOKING ENOUGH—AND WHAT A COMPLEXION!

4D PER TABLET U.K. ONLY

And what has given Norma her lovely complexion? Knight's Castile, the soap that prevents "Tired Skin."

Is Humphrey falling for Norma? The next instalment will tell you.

Knight's Castile

SPECIALLY MADE FOR THE FACE

KC 221-264-38 JOHN KNIGHT LIMITED, LONDON, E.16. Soap Makers since 1810

Real crashes like this one have inspired the road racketeers

ARSON ON WHEELS!

FIRE raisers and "scuttlers" are busy on the high roads of Britain.

They are motor owners who make heavy claims on the insurance companies and Lloyd's underwriters for their own dishonest profit.

And, apart from committing Arson on Wheels, they are faking damage to goods during transport.

Only the insurance companies and their assessors realise the extent to which this sabotage is taking place.

But they don't want it to be known that deliberate attempts to rob them through motor insurance are on the increase lest it should encourage others.

Yet so rapidly has the new Fire Conspiracy grown that many destructive fires to lorries or cars on a lonely road are now regarded with suspicion.

Suspicion, of course, is not enough. There must be proof before the culprits can be punished, and proof in a motor fire is usually extremely hard to secure, even with the closest, most expert investigation.

Take a typical case:

A lorry, with a heavily insured consignment of goods, was burnt out. The fire was caused by the twin tyres of its back wheels being run too slack, thus generating intense heat, and the burst of flame spread to the petrol tank.

Now, who can say whether running with slack tyres was intentional or just carelessness on the part of the driver, as it probably is in the majority of cases.

Then there is the old method of making a "short" in one of the electrical connections, although this is becoming increasingly difficult.

★ In the days when petrol was gravity-fed to carburettors, a wilful but apparently accidental fire could easily be started by loosening a connection on the petrol pump.

This was the way chosen by Rouse, the "blazing car murderer." There was not the slightest suspicion that the destruction of his car was deliberate until other circumstances came to the knowledge of the police.

Still a common method of highway fire-raising is the cigarette-match-celluloid device.

Around a cigarette—leaving a small margin of tobacco protruding, some matches with a covering of celluloid are bound with a rubber band.

After the cigarette has been lit and smoked for a while, the contrivance is dropped—usually behind the driver's seat, where a petrol can is kept with a convenient leak.

As the cigarette burns down it ignites the match-heads. In a few moments the lorry is aflame.

"I did everything," says the driver, standing by the ruins of his lorry and cargo when help reaches him, "but the fire was too quick for me. Look, my hands and face! I was lucky to get away with only a scorching."

★ One recent fire, which destroyed a lorry and its load, was caused in this way.

But why, you may wonder, is Arson on Wheels becoming prevalent?

Firstly, because competition in road transport is bringing many cheap-jack, cut-rate haulage contractors to the limit of their small resources.

Secondly, because some private motorists find they cannot afford their cars and resort to crime as an escape from their liabilities.

A young man buys a second-hand car. Soon he discovers that he has picked an absolute "dud." He cannot resell it unless he is ready to lose most of his capital.

So he thinks of his replacement value insurance policy—and a convenient fire.

Or there is the familiar dilemma which led to a recent case of arson in the North Country. A small dance band leader could not lay hands on enough money to pay for his quarterly road licence.

The easiest solution, it seemed to him, was to pour petrol over the car and set it alight!

After which he claimed insurance. But the "accident" had been clumsily staged and this young Arson on Wheels experimenter was sent to prison.

Most fire-raisers show greater ingenuity. You may get a hint of their methods from a Midlands prosecution.

★ The motorist—according to his own story—crashed into a stone bridge in order to avoid a cyclist. As a result, the car caught fire.

After his insurance claim was paid it was learned that the cyclist was one of his relatives and had acted as a decoy.

All the incidents of wavering cyclist and collision had been arranged to make the "accident" and fire appear genuine.

Again, when a motor-'bus was burned out on a road in County Durham the insurance company paid out £650.

Later the company claimed return of the money.

★ It was proved that when the passengers had left the 'bus the cap of the petrol tank was unscrewed, petrol poured over the vehicle and the fire started with a match!

But every whit as unscrupulous as the fire raisers are the "scuttlers."

These are the men who fake accidents to motor vehicles without the aid of fire, but for the same purpose—drawing insurance money.

"Damage to goods in transit owing to accident" is one of the worst worries of the insurance assessors.

And the truth is that it's easy to fake a road smash and for the driver and mate to escape without injury.

Roads chosen for this modern highway robbery are the busy trunk routes. The driver, his plans formed well in advance, makes a "mistake" at the right moment—and his lorry and its cargo are ruined.

Well, fire-raisers and "scuttlers" help to keep motor insurance at high premiums, because for every one offender caught scores escape.

Nothing unusual for bogus medical reports to be submitted to establish third-party claims for injury in faked accidents and fires!

"For every case of fire on wheels and accident which we can show to be fraudulent," estimates an assessor, "there are fifty cases in which our suspicions amount to moral certainty but not, unfortunately, to legal certainty."

Such is the extent of the new crime of Arson on Wheels!

I DON'T WORRY ABOUT BACKACHE URINARY DISORDERS RHEUMATIC TWINGES or other signs of SLUGGISH KIDNEYS

Why Should You?

DOANS Backache Kidney Pills always keep me fit. They wake up lazy kidneys and stop the torment due to impure blood, sharp or nagging backache, bladder troubles, stiff, aching muscles and joints, dizziness, headaches and depression. Take my advice! If a cold or chill causes your kidneys to become congested, don't wait to be laid up with rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica or renal dropsy, but take Doans Pills. Then, like me, you will laugh at kidney ailments.

Ask your Chemist for

DOANS Backache Kidney Pills

RACE WITH "SILVER RING"

CAVE MAN FOR THE LEGER

TWELVE months ago we were very fortunate in selecting Chulmleigh for the St. Leger. Lord Glanely's colt obliged at the nice price of 18-1.

I cannot see a good outsider for the coming event.

Cave Man was the JOHN BULL tip for the Derby. This son of Manna ran a very good race and I came away from Epsom with the impression that he might make amends at Doncaster.

He was well trounced by Pasch in the Eclipse Stakes, but whereas Pasch appeared to have had enough, Cave Man was running on.

For those who prefer to have a tilt at a long shot I suggest the Park Lodge candidate Flyon. Jack Jarvis has given this one a lot of good distance work.

Big event of the week-end is the Prince Edward Handicap at Manchester. Frawn is an out-and-out stayer and I expect him to win.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, September 1, to Wednesday, September 7.

X Z Q C 93 B 94 M S R P O 98 T F U
97 L H J I 95 E D K V W A N 95 G Y

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example: 83393FKQ93W would read KINGSHIP.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. OJQ93Z2 would read ACHILL.

Germolene Brand ASEPTIC OINTMENT

HEALS BAD LEG

Once again the magic healing power of GERMOLENE succeeds where all else failed! *'I had the misfortune to burn myself'* writes J. W. of Stone. *'I thought it would soon be all right again but it developed into a very bad leg. Nothing gave me relief until I used* GERMOLENE *and with good results! The wound is quite healed.'*

If YOU are a victim of any skin trouble get a tin of GERMOLENE TO-DAY! Soothes at the first touch—heals in record time. The Wonder Remedy for:—

ABSCESSES | ECZEMA
BOILS | BLACKHEADS
WOUNDS | SUNBURN
BAD LEG | SCALDS

6d. SOLD EVERYWHERE 1/3, 3/- & 12/- PER TIN Tubes 4/6

NOTE: When you have been cured by GERMOLENE Ointment, never use anything else on your skin but GERMOLENE MEDICATED TOILET SOAP 6d. per Tablet. All Chemists.

HINTS, TIPS *and* Useful Things to KNOW

by Molly Montague

IT sometimes happens that a treasury note is thrown on to the fire by mistake and only a portion of it rescued. It is not an easy matter to recover the value of treasury notes that have become damaged, unless the numbers and ciphers are legible. If these details are complete there is usually no difficulty in recovering full value. But if any item has completely disappeared the applicant has to await developments. These involve a personal interview with a Post Office official, who asks numerous questions in relation to the mishap and also requires a written statement regarding it. His final request is for the name and address of a householder who will testify to the character of the applicant. After all these demands have been settled there is still a further long wait before the money is recovered, if at all. So be careful to look inside all envelopes, etc., before throwing them on the fire.

At this time of the year most women are waging war against an invading air force of moths, mosquitoes, wasps and flies.

Perhaps the greatest of these annoyances are the moths; their silence enables them to get on with the "good work" in peace. The moth menace is on the increase. The reason for this is that most houses these days possess boilers, which means that they are warmer than they used to be, thus making the moths far more at home.

When furniture or carpets have been attacked by moth, there is a method of guarding against further damage, and that is to have the article concerned treated to a special baking process now in use. Most big furniture stores and upholsterers undertake this work fairly inexpensively; and it really is necessary to have it done, for other articles of furniture might easily become infected in the same way.

There are liquids which can be safely sprayed upon all kinds of delicate fabrics, and even animals, and are a splendid preventive.

Ants appear to be a terrible nuisance at this time of the year. Even when one can find the hole from which they come in the garden, many women detest the thought of pouring boiling water over any living thing. Prevention is really the best cure. Buy some pure carbolic acid and a camel hair brush. Deal specially with the pantry, as it is food that attracts the insects. Take every article out and wipe with a damp cloth which has been dipped in a solution of carbolic acid and water. Wash the shelves and window-sill. Then dip the brush in the acid and smear along the edges of shelves and window frame, also on the ground at the side of the door. Paint in this manner for three days in succession which drives the ants from the house entirely.

After the Holidays.

Returning fresh from a summer holiday is just the time to do little extra jobs. Tan shoes often look woebegone after a stay at the seaside. They soil easily and sometimes fade in parts to a lighter tan than the rest of the shoe. The best course is to wash the shoes in a solution of warm soda water, using a soft dry flannel with a little soap. Dry thoroughly in the air, then rub with the inside of a banana skin; afterwards polish all over with a dark tan polish. One can then again emerge in the shoes and finish the season without a blush of shame!

An Eternal Problem.

Living economically is a terrible problem to some people—like an unfortunate wife of a friend of mine who suffered from rheumatism. Her children going to school require a lot of attention, and money soon flies when a paid domestic help has to be employed continuously. Some few years ago she became troubled with Rheumatism, which, in spite of various treatments, steadily grew worse. Visits to expensive spas followed and all manner of ways of obtaining relief were tried unstintingly. So much so, that this young couple's income was considerably reduced. Beside this, the wife's condition, instead of improving, grew worse, and gradually developed into a chronic stage.

What a blight had descended upon that so happy home! Although doctors and specialists strove hard, the heroic little woman who had borne her harrowing burden with such fortitude could obtain no alleviation even from their expert administrations. My friends, however, remained undaunted, and continued to try everything that held out hope of relief.

Then a chance acquaintance recommended a simple form of treatment that had many remarkable cases to its merit. With fresh hope the young couple applied for a sample and a booklet describing the treatment, although it seemed that the simple little gelatine capsules which were contained in the sample could not possibly bring about results when all other forms of treatment had failed.

My Gift for the week is a remedy for Rheumatism, one of the most prevalent of modern ills.

Success!

However, "as a drowning man clutches at a floating straw," the young wife, in desperation, commenced the treatment. After the first dose she was feeling better. In a fortnight there was a marked improvement in her condition. Within two months all sign of the supposed "incurable" complaint had entirely disappeared! Thus were the young husband's increasing financial sacrifices rewarded! Seeing the remarkable results obtained, I asked more about the treatment, and have recommended it personally to many friends who have themselves obtained benefit.

The treatment is marketed under the name of "Curicones," and has been available now for over 20 years, and has earned the praise of many eminent medical men, including a Harley Street specialist.

A Chance to Play the Good Samaritan.

Now if you yourself suffer from a rheumatic ill, or have a friend so afflicted, make use of my shopping coupon which I give below. Without delay, fill it in clearly with your name and address, or the name and address of your friend, and send it to me as directed on the coupon. Then I will arrange that you receive, free of all charge and post free, a wonderful trial supply of "Curicones." I will also arrange that this generous gift shall be accompanied by a splendid little booklet explaining the cause of rheumatic troubles. Act now, and bring relief, if not to yourself, at least to your friend.

If you don't seal the envelope, a halfpenny stamp is enough for the coupon. Good-bye for the present. MOLLY MONTAGUE.

To Molly Montague,
Dept. J.B.7,
19, Farringdon Street, E.C.4.

Please send free of charge the "Curicones" sample and Booklet you offer.

Name .....

Address .....

(JB) .....

LLOYD'S Bondman TOBACCO

You can't have everything in this world. But Bondman coolness at least ensures everything a Pipe-smoker desires! (JB)

RICH RUDDY VIRGINIA 11½d per oz.
EMPIRE BLEND ..... 10d per oz.
IN easy to open VACUUM TINS

Richard Lloyd & Sons (Branch of Cope Bros. & Co., Ltd.), Bondman Corner, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1

Your personal appearance means *everything* to you.
Turn at once to the Special Offer on pages 4 and 5.

A Free Trial Bottle of Hair Tonic and full particulars of the Godfrey System of Hair Culture is offered on receipt of Coupon.

I feel fine NOW!

FENNINGS' CERTAINLY DID WORK WONDERS — They assist the Lungs to throw off all irritating matter arising from Bronchitis, Influenza, Coughs, etc., and to regain health and vigour.

FENNINGS' (JB) LUNG HEALERS SOLD AT 6d., 1/3 AND 3/-

70 YEARS REPUTATION
INSIST ON FENNINGS'

SEND FOR A FREE COPY OF FENNINGS' "EVERY MOTHER'S BOOK" to
ALFRED FENNINGS, COWES, ISLE OF WIGHT

The DAUBER

Story of a boxer who had the soul of an artist

"Hard work!" she sneered. "What are you talking about, hard work?"

By Louis Golding,

Famous novelist, and author of "Magnolia Street"

"BERT! Dinner's ready! Aren't you coming?" Then, coaxingly: "Come on, Bert, there's a pal! And I'm feeling ungry myself, you know!" Then, a little wistfully: "All the lovely brown gravy froze stiff as mud! Oh, Bert, look at them chops! Like doorsteps!"

A muffled voice replied: "I'm coming, Mary! Honest, I am! I've just got to put in this here bit of shadow. Just half a tick, Mary!"

"But you said that a half-hour ago!" Mary wailed. "I'm going to the coffee-stall unless you come at once. Honest, I am!"

"O.K., Mary! I'm coming!"

There was the sound of reluctant feet shuffling out from the room over the petrol-station that Bert used as a studio.

"You dope!" cried Mary. "You've brought your 'ammer and mallet with you!" (She couldn't bear to refer to Bert's palette any other way.) "And take those blinking brushes out of your mouth. No, I won't kiss you! I don't want no lead-poisoning, if *you* do!"

She sat down at the table sulkily and glued her eyes to her competition coupon.

"Mary!" said Bert.

She ignored him.

"Mary!" he repeated. His voice was full of entreaty. It gave her rather a thrill when he begged her like that, Bert with a pair of shoulders like a bullock, Bert with a pair of mitts like a prize-fighter. Excepting that he *was* a prize-fighter.

★ Or rather that he *had* been a prize-fighter!

Oh, hell! She didn't know where she was! She lifted her tear-brimmed eyes. He was over at her side like a shot.

"Listen, Mary!" he said. "It'll be all right, Mary! Honest, it will! One of these days we'll get out of here! I'll be making that much dough with a single painting, we'll be laughing. We'll drive about in a yellow Rolls-Royce, all shining, with knobs on. . . ."

"Give me one, Bert!"

He duly gave her one, full on the lips, then went back to his own side of the table and started sawing away at the frozen chops. . .

Yes, Bert Kendal had been a prize-fighter. Leastways, he'd been a porter at Covent Garden, and now and again, when things had got a bit slack, he'd pick up a six- or eight-rounder at one of the local rings.

Then the slump set in and he lost his job at Covent Garden.

And then Bert got down to the boxing game and found he was really in the running. Heaving those sacks of potatoes is as good for the old shoulder muscles as lamming out at the hanging bag

Bert had speed and punch. He was soon promoted to the ten-round class. He was a bit of all-right. People began to talk about him as a light-weight "prospect." He picked up his six and eight pounds for a fight.

"Well, what about it?" he asked Mary, the first time he touched ten pounds.

"What about what?"

★ "About me and you getting married? I touched a clean tenner this last bundle, you know!"

She looked at him square in the eyes.

"You know I'd want to marry you if you had great big 'oles in your socks. Even if you hadn't no socks at all!"

"Give me one, Mary!" he said.

She gave him one. And in course of time they got married. It wasn't half a wedding neither. The drunks lay piled four-deep in Mary's mother's front parlour. Bert didn't feel up to boxing for quite a few weeks after that.

Then Bert got down to it again. He boxed better than ever before. Married life seemed to agree with him.

They went to live in a posh couple of rooms off the Old Kent Road over Creamer's garage. There was also a big attic-like room along the yard connected with their rooms by an outside balustrade.

As I say, things were going very nicely. They got the furniture paid off, and the rather grand radio they bought. They even got together a few quid at the bank.

Well, this was about the time Kid Donnelly came bang into the limelight after a series of spectacular knock-outs and challenged the dour Jock MacGregor for the British title.

That was how Kid Donnelly was taken up by Peter Holden. You know who I mean? Yes, *the* Peter Holden, the millionaire.

It seemed to Peter Holden a good idea to give Kid Donnelly the run of his estate on the Norfolk Broads to get him fit for the approaching fight with Jock MacGregor. That was how Bert got tied up with it.

Bert was sent along with Donnelly to act as his sparring-partner. It was not bad money, and it was fine experience for Bert, sparring with a near champion.

★ Now, Peter Holden had his place littered with all sorts of sheds and barns, in which he used to go pottering about during the week-ends. One was a gymnasium, one was a sort of carpenter's shop, one had a ping-pong table, one was a studio, with canvases and paints and brushes about—all sorts of painter's junk.

He gave the lads the free run of them all and, of course, he hadn't the vaguest idea that either of them would have any use for that studio, least of all Bert.

I don't suppose Bert did either. But it happened that Kid Donnelly was off colour one day. So Bert, being at a loose end, put his nose inside that studio.

The smell of the paint did something to him. The sight of the blank canvas on an easel did something more. He got hold of the brushes and started daubing away.

He hadn't been bad with water-colours as a kid at school. But he'd forgotten about it. He became a market porter. Then he became a boxer. Then suddenly he found himself up against a bare canvas and became a painter.

Like a hay-stack going up on fire. Like a river breaking its banks.

It wasn't *good* stuff he plastered on to that canvas. It was wild, and grotesque, and marvellous.

Two or three hours later Peter Holden came in on him. He nearly dropped where he stood. He goggled. He gasped. Then he roared at the top of his voice:

"Why, the kid's a painter! He's got genius! What the hell's he doing here? 'Phone up London at once, will you? Send up another sparring-partner!

"As for you, clear out! Go to London! Go to the Slade! Learn to draw!"

Well, let me cut that part of the story at once. Bert went back to London, with the passion to paint pulsing and roaring in his veins.

Not only to paint. But to paint his wife, Mary. Her Cockney wildness. The barrows of fruit. The scarlet 'buses. The river.

And Mary at the centre of them, her scarlet mouth, her hips, her hair.

So he painted and painted and painted.

(*Continued on page 37*)

St. LEGER

DONCASTER 7th SEPT.

NO LIMIT

WE GUARANTEE FULL MARKET PRICES

for ST. LEGER commissions if postmarked NOT LATER than MONDAY, September 5th, or telephoned or telegraphed not later than noon on TUESDAY, September 6th.

All commissions for the ST. LEGER sent after the above times, and up to the "off," will be on at FULL STARTING PRICE or Tote/Bookie Returns as desired.

Send for the "CHALLENGER" FIXED PRICE FOOTBALL COUPON

Issued by COPES for 43 Years

6 Leagues - 180 MATCHES BARRED - 63 MATCHES 4 to 1 SIX WINNERS

5 Leagues - 150 MATCHES BARRED - 84 MATCHES 6 to 1 SIX WINNERS

4 Leagues - 120 MATCH BARRED - 44 MATCHES 7 to 1 SIX WINNERS

Long Odds List - 24 Matches - 10 to 1 for SIX WINNERS

Short List - 9 MATCHES - Odds up to 1000 to 1

£5 for 3d. CHALLENGER SIMPLE SEVEN £20 for 1/-

Odds of 400 to 1 Paid for Seven Correct FORECASTS

CREDIT ACCOUNTS ONLY

Commissions are accepted on all games by telephone, telegram or letter

Please send particulars with a view to opening a Credit Account. I am over 21 years of age. J.B. 3/9/38

Name

Address

Suggested Weekly Credit £

DAVID COPE

LUDGATE CIRCUS LONDON E.C.4

JUST OUT!

GARDENING

FOR SEPTEMBER

A Brilliant Number

The success of next year's growth and production depends to a large extent on what is done in the garden this September. And that is why the September issue of "GARDENING," the popular new-style pocket-size magazine, edited by Richard Sudell, F.L.L.A., F.R.H.S.—JUST OUT—is of such tremendous importance to everyone. There will be found page after page of invaluable and exclusive information on everything that should be done in every garden in the Autumn, scores and scores of practical money-saving hints and tips, articles full of topical interest, helpful illustrations, sound suggestions, expert advice. Among the many special features included in the September issue are:—

Making sure your soil will be right for the Spring—planning a successful vegetable garden—the preservation of summer blooms—saving the seeds of hardy annuals—plants that now need lime—putting the bulbs to bed—protecting your plants from the frosts—giving the garden a furnished look—growing by artificial light—good fertilisers and manures for Autumn and Winter—exhibition Sweet Peas should be sown in the autumn—choosing a successful heating system—formal treatment of a sloping site—11 pages to PLAN your paths—how to pot plants—taking the "bare" look from the house-front with the aid of shrubs, climbers, etc.—why not train standard Wisteria this Autumn?—making sure that your walls and fences, etc., will be beautiful next Summer, 27 special articles and regular features—65 illustrations—100 pages.

There's going to be a tremendous demand for this number of "GARDENING"—be sure to get your copy TO-DAY.

On Sale Everywhere 6D.

Odhams Press Ltd., Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

If your Case is like any of these YOU can have a FREE full size 3/- tin of BIRLEY'S ANTACID POWDER

CASE No. 1

INDIGESTION AND BILE

WITH SEVERE ABDOMINAL PAINS, WIND, AND GASTRIC STOMACH, FEELING OF FULLNESS, SICKLY COMPLEXION AND NO APPETITE.

90, Oxley Moor Road, Oxley, Wolverhampton.

Dear Sirs,—For the past seven years I have suffered very greatly with bile, indigestion and abdominal pains, which recurred at frequent intervals until I decided on a trial tin of Birley's Antacid Powder.

I have had two operations for ulcers and gastritis, so that I have a weak stomach, and often I would twist and turn about in bed at night on account of wind and miserable pain. My complexion had become very pasty and sickly-looking and I had practically no appetite at all.

I found such great relief from the first few doses of Birley's, that I continued and very soon lost all the terrible fullness and pain. I am now ready and able to enjoy all food and to sleep soundly at night. I now keep fit and well with a nightly dose, and shall always tell my friends how wonderfully it acts.

Yours truly,

(Miss) DOROTHY EVANS.

CASE No. 2

SEVERE FLATULENCE

MISERABLE AND IRRITABLE THROUGH CHEST AND STOMACH PAINS, ASHEN FACE, BAD TONGUE AND NO DESIRE FOR FOOD.

10, Warner Street, New Kent Road, Southwark, S.E.1.

Dear Sirs,—After 22 years' suffering with severe flatulence and chest and stomach pains, for which I underwent hospital treatment and tried dozens of remedies, I must tell you of the wonderful relief I have had since taking Birley's Antacid Powder.

I had no appetite, no desire for food, and my tongue was a dirty brown. My sleep was very disturbed, and I became so miserable and irritable that everything seemed wrong.

Whilst at a convalescent home the pains became so acute that a fellow patient gave me a few doses of Birley's, which eased me so much that I obtained a tin. I now only take a spoonful in water two or three times a week and am better in every way. Instead of being ashen grey, my face is now a good colour, and I eat well, sleep soundly and am entirely free from pain.

Yours truly,

HARRY CLARK.

CASE No. 3

PALPITATION & HEART PAINS

SHORTNESS OF BREATH, NERVE TROUBLE, DIGESTIVE DISORDERS AND CONSTIPATION.

Rosedene, Magdalen Laver, Ongar, Essex.

Dear Sirs,—Throughout many years of suffering I tried every so-called cure for indigestion, without lasting result, until I sent for a trial tin of Birley's Antacid Powder, and within a few days was decidedly better.

I had been ill with ulcers in the leg and then had very bad turns with indigestion, palpitation and severe heart pains. These affected my nerves very badly and often I would wake in the night with palpitation and also had a lot of trouble with constipation. After starting on Birley's I found I could digest almost anything and get my breath with ease, thus getting great relief from the palpitation and heart pains and sleeping soundly at night.

I now take a dose the last thing at night, and would never be without it as it keeps me fit where all other remedies have failed.

Yours truly,

(Mrs.) ADA E. BEARD.

CASE No. 4

ACID STOMACH

CAUSING AGONISING INTERNAL PAINS AND SLEEPLESS NIGHTS, WITH LOSS OF APPETITE, BLOTCHY SKIN AND BADLY COATED TONGUE.

17, Abermorlais Terrace, Merthyr Tydfil, S. Wales.

Dear Sirs,—After more than ten years' intense suffering with stomach trouble, often accompanied by agonising pains, I want to tell you that I consider Birley's Antacid Powder worth its weight in gold.

I was under doctor's treatment for gastric stomach when I sent for a trial tin, the first two or three doses of which gave amazing results. My lost appetite returned and the blotchy skin cleared, and instead of twisting and turning in bed, trying to relieve the terrible pains, I was at ease and able to sleep, and my tongue, which had had a whitish coating, became clean.

After trying almost every imaginable remedy it was marvellous, in the course of a few days, to find that Birley's had that something which the others have not got. I now take a small dose each night, as it is so wonderfully soothing to the stomach.

Yours faithfully,

JAMES R. LLOYD.

SAFE TO TAKE AT ALL TIMES AND ALL AGES

ACIDITY
HEARTBURN
PALPITATION
GASTRITIS

INDIGESTION

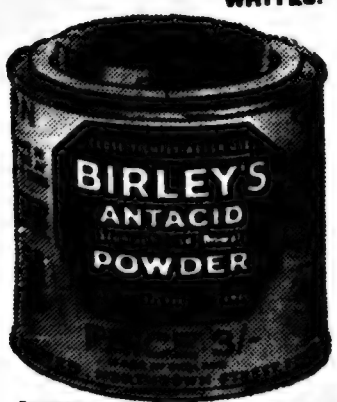
"A Good Digestion turneth All to Health"

FLATULENCE
BILIOUSNESS
RHEUMATISM
NAUSEA

BIRLEY'S IS TASTELESS AND ODOURLESS

SOLD ONLY IN TINS BY ALL CHEMISTS, including All Branches of BOOTS, TAYLORS, TIMOTHY WHITES.

1/3 3/- 5/-



ACTUAL TIN 4 TIMES AS LARGE AS ILLUSTRATION

IMPORTANT

Here is a wonderful opportunity for you to secure a 3/- Gift Tin of Birley's Antacid Powder to give this remarkable remedy a full and complete test. We ask, however, that you yourself stand the cost of postage and special packing plus the varied clerical expenses of addressing, labelling, checking, dispatching and other incidentals: viz., a nominal sum of sixpence (6d.) all told.

Our faith in Birley's Antacid Powder is shown by the nature of our Gift. We could not afford to offer it to you Free were not Birley's Antacid Powder a better, surer and quicker remedy than anything medical science has ever before offered to sufferers. It is tasteless, odourless and harmless. It is the ideal Home Remedy because it is (1) non-habit forming, (2) absolutely safe to take at all ages and at all times, and (3) gives immediate results with the first dose.

You, too, should try it, and here is your opportunity to do so. Fill in the Request Form and post within the time limit, enclosing a Postal Order value sixpence (6d.) to cover delivery expenses as stated above.

There is not a penny to pay other than this nominal sum of sixpence and you will receive your Free Full Size 3/- Tin by return. This 3/- Gift Tin will prove to you that Birley's Antacid Powder is the WORLD'S BEST Remedy for INDIGESTION and its Kindred Ailments such as PALPITATION, FLATULENCE, HEARTBURN, BILIOUSNESS, ACID STOMACH, RHEUMATISM, GASTRITIS, etc.

NO PERSON MAY APPLY FOR MORE THAN ONE 3/- GIFT TIN.

FREE 3/- TIN REQUEST FORM

AVAILABLE FOR TWO WEEKS

NO. 78

Post this Form not later than Saturday, September 10th, 1938

To **FORMS posted after this date cannot be accepted.**

BIRLEY'S ANTACID FACTORY, 236, Pentonville Rd., King's X, London, N.1

Dear Sirs,—I have searched through the cases published in your advertisement in "John Bull," September 3rd, 1938.

I have been suffering for ..... months / years in many respects similarly to Case or Cases No's. ..... (This **must** be filled in, otherwise the Free 3/- Tin cannot be sent you.)

DECLARATION.—I hereby Declare and Certify that I have NOT previously applied for a Free 3/- Tin of Birley's Antacid Powder, and this being a *bona-fide* request please send me a 3/- Tin by return.

I enclose Postal Order (**stamps cannot be accepted**) value sixpence (6d.) to defray ALL delivery expenses as stated in your announcement.

Leave Blank for Office Use

Checked & Verified by Supervision Clerk No. .....

New Applicant's SIGNATURE.....
(Mr., Mrs. or Miss)

POSTAL ADDRESS IN BLACK LETTERS .....

The last day for receipt of application from this Announcement is Saturday, September 10th. Post in sealed envelope bearing 1½d. stamp.

POOL FANS—

This is your page—say what you like, ask what you want to know about your winter hobby. If a problem to be solved or an opinion to express concerning football pools, write to John Bull Pool Parliament, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

THERE are toss-of-the-coin pool fans who laugh at system followers like myself. Are they right?

Take my own case. I believe in weighing up form and planning my pool entries in a careful and logical way.

Yet I was on the losing side last season—while my neighbour, who just tosses for it when filling up his coupon, picked up one big dividend and a number of small ones.

He laughs—at *me*. And I'm wondering now whether I wouldn't be better off following his "method."—C. L. H., Burslem, who receives this week's half-guinea.

Let him laugh. Logic wins in the end. Your method is right, so don't be discouraged if somebody gets a temporary advantage by mere chance.

Whales or Whiting?

Two seasons ago I concentrated on the five results pool, and although I didn't win anything big I often collected enough to cover expenses and make my weekly flutter interesting.

Last season I concentrated on the penny pools and drew a blank—losing about £5.

It's "back to the five results" for me this year, though my friends say it isn't the way to get rich quickly. What do you think?—H. W., Highams Park, E.4.

Thousands are scratching their heads to-day over that very problem. That's what makes it so interesting. Whether you prefer the tiny possibility of winning a huge sum to the far better prospect of seeing a few useful pounds now and then is a question you must decide for yourself.

Making Sure

If I make six selections for the aways pool, how many lines do I want to group them in fours? Two lines is my financial limit, for I'm no millionaire.—"Systemite," London, S.W.16.

Entry you suggest requires 15 lines. But you can still give yourself a two-error margin if you select seven matches and group them like this:

2	2	2	2	—	—	—
2	2	—	—	2	2	—
—	—	2	2	2	2	—
2	—	2	—	2	—	2
—	2	—	2	2	—	2
—	2	2	—	—	2	2
2	—	—	2	—	2	2

Only seven lines are wanted, and this entry guarantees a correct line if any of five of your selections are correct.

Collective Action

Having had no luck on my own in the pools last season, I've decided to take a share in a pools' club this year. How can I be sure it's open and above board?—A. B., Burnley.

The essential thing is for any pool syndicate to give every member a clear statement of the markings in which he is sharing and how the stake is to be divided. If you receive a statement like this before the games are played you can check over the results yourself and see whether your group has won.

Concentrate

My friend keeps changing from one pool to another, but I believe in sticking to one.

Which do you think is the better idea?—P. H. G., Coventry.

Each pool has its own problems. Concentrate on one and you have a better chance of solving those problems.

"JOHN BULL'S" POOLS PARLIAMENT

Don't Buy Dividends

—Says "Poolex," John Bull's Famous Expert

In a Few Lines

I have been told it is possible to make sure of three correct forecasts out of four matches by using only a few lines. How?—B. J., Chester.

A number of nine-line permutations will do this. For example:

2	1	x	x	2	1	x	1	2
1	x	2	1	x	2	x	1	2
1	x	2	x	2	1	1	2	x
2	2	2	1	1	1	x	x	x

Tall Order

Systems for me this year! I'd be glad if you'd tell me how many lines it would take to ensure a correct forecast of ten matches.—M. A. W., Basingstoke.

Forget the idea. You'd have to pay for 59,049 lines, anyhow. But from time to time I shall gladly comment on *practical* systems submitted.

All for 5s.

Can you recommend a method for the five-results pool costing no more than 5s.? I don't mind one or two bankers.—M. G., Surbiton.

How about this, M. G.? Choose two bankers and then select six other matches and decide on your forecast for each of these. Then (with "f" standing for your forecast) you can use the following:

f	f	f	f	f	f	Bankers.
f	f	f	f	f	f	
f	f	f	—	—	—	
—	f	—	f	f	—	
—	—	f	f	f	—	
f	—	—	f	—	f	
—	f	f	—	—	f	
f	—	—	—	f	f	

If your bankers are correct, this entry will give you a correct line even if you have two mistakes in your other forecasts.

He's a Permutator

Could you tell me how many lines it takes to make sure of a correct line of eight results? And how many of those lines would be made up of 4 homes, 2 draws and 2 aways?—M. A. C., Chingford.

To cover every possibility for eight matches requires 6,561 lines. Of these, 420 are arrangements of 4 homes, 2 draws and 2 aways.

Losing System

What's your opinion of this neat method of mine for finding a winning line in the 3-draws pool? At least it has the merit of being simple.

Take the first five matches in the First Division fixture list every week and enter them in sets of three.

This takes ten lines, costing 5s., and seems to come up pretty often.—T. R., Woking, Surrey.

It doesn't come up so very often. Last season, for instance, it would have given you four correct lines out of 340. With average dividends, you wouldn't have shown a ha'penny profit.

My biggest objection to your plan, however, is that you're not trying to forecast results at all. Why not pick out the five most likely draws and group them in the way you suggest?

THIS WEEK'S GUIDE By "Poolex" (Copyright)

UNTIL the programme for the opening weeks of the football season is completed, "Poolex" is unable to make the precise assessment of current form required to compile his "Graded Guide."

He is therefore giving an analysis of the matches to be played on September 3, based on the results of the corresponding games in previous seasons.

The first "Graded Guide" will appear in the issue dated September 24.

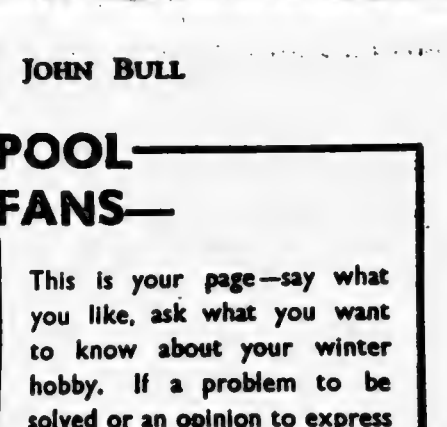
LIKELY HOME WINNERS (STRONG): Bury, Chelsea, Hamilton, Hartlepools, Kilmarnock, Leith, Northampton, Preston North End, Queen's Park Rangers, Rangers, Sheffield United, Stockport, Stoke, Sunderland.

LIKELY HOME WINNERS (MEDIUM): Aberdeen, Accrington, Albion Rovers, Barnsley, Burnley, Charlton, Clyde, Darlington, Dundee United, Everton, Gateshead, Lincoln, Morton, Notts County, Portsmouth, Queen's Park, Southend, Stenhousemuir, Swansea, Tottenham, Walsall, Wrexham, York.

LIKELY AWAY WINNERS: Airdrieonians, Arsenal, Derby County, Dundee, East Fife, Norwich, St. Mirren, Swindon, Watford.

MATCHES TO AVOID (names of home teams only): Bradford, Bristol City, Chesterfield, East Stirling, Edinburgh, Exeter, Hearts, Hull, Manchester United, Mansfield, Newport, Plymouth, Raith Rovers, Rochdale, Tranmere, West Ham, Wolverhampton.

See also the *Daily Herald* every Thursday for special comprehensive pools service with form barometer, last-minute news from the clubs and special penny pools section.



● Headlamp with 100 ft. light beam.
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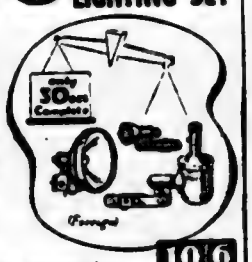
● Silent dynamo, generates light as you ride.
● Fully Guaranteed. Chromium-plated. Insist on Pifco. Weight only 30 ozs. complete.

Write for catalogue of Pifco Electric Cycle Lamps.



PIFCO, LTD., Watling St., Manchester. and at 82, City Rd., London, E.C.1.

10/6

Good shaving!

Try Parke-Davis; it's soft on your skin, but hard on your beard; it gives you good shaving! Send for a seven-day free sample to Dept. 226/77, Euthymol, 50, Beak Street, London, W.1.

PARKE-DAVIS Shaving Cream

"AN ESCAPE FROM PAIN

A NEVER-FAILING TONIC"

writes Matron of London Nursing Home

This letter points to the great value of Phensic: "Patients find in Phensic a reliable escape from severe pain, and from the discomfort of high temperatures. Whatever the cause Phensic seems to give rapid relief, and it never harms the heart."

POWERFUL and SAFE! Weakest invalids benefit. Nerve pains of every kind: Sciatica, Lumbago, Neuritis, Neuralgia, Headache and Rheumatic pain is swiftly eased leaving the mind refreshed and the body comfortable.

At all chemists: 3d, 6d, 1/3, 3/-& 5/-

"The Quick Reviver"

Phensic Brand

Pronounced 'FEN-ZIK'.

The Wonderful Tablets that Drive out PAIN

* Inside the brilliant issue of "The Picturegoer" out to-day is presented—FREE—a superb 16-page Souvenir Gift Book of the M-G-M. British studio success, "A YANK AT OXFORD," starring Robert Taylor and Maureen O'Sullivan. Don't miss this great event in film journalism. Get your copy of "The Picturegoer" at once.

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POOLCASTER

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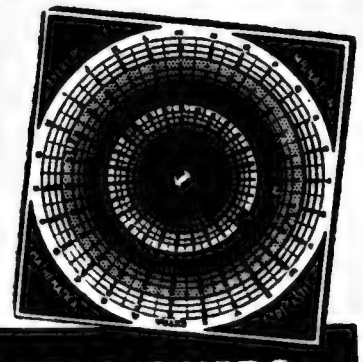
EVERY POSSIBLE COMBINATION MATHEMATICALLY FORECASTED

THE greatest help to Pool Investors ever devised. Once you have decided on your first forecast, set the Poolcaster (it is done in a second), and you have dozens of alternatives ready to enter on your coupon. 12, 14 or 15 results, it makes no difference. No duplicate columns possible. Don't trouble to fill in your copy coupon, just keep a note of your first column, and the Poolcaster will tell you the rest at any time.

BE SURE TO GET IT TO-DAY FROM ALL NEWS-AGENTS, STATIONERS, BOOKSTALLS and BOOKSHOPS.



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6D

From all STORES & STATIONERS

2D STOPS ACHES & PAINS *LIKE MAGIC!*

End the misery of throbbing Headache for 2d. Take a *Beechams Powder* NOW! The maddening pain vanishes, and you experience the blessing of complete relief.

That constant wearying agony ruins your life. End it for 2d. by taking a *Beechams Powder*, the prescription which acts like magic.

That fierce, crippling stab need trouble you no longer. *Beechams Powders* will end it for 2d.! They soothe the nerves and end pain quickly.

You'd give pounds to end it. All you need spend is 2d. for a *Beechams Powder!* Beechams Powders are quicker-acting, more certain in results!

BEECHAMS POWDERS

ACT LIKE MAGIC

Cartons of 8 Powders 1/3. Single Powders 2d. each. Not Laxative. Sold Everywhere. A Beecham Product.

3,000 Scientists Invade Cambridge

SCIENCE CAN CHANGE THE WORLD

Scientists who met at Cambridge recently took our breath away when speaking of the latest discoveries. But every month "Armchair Science" brings before you in compact, easy-to-read and easy-to-understand form, theories and discoveries of leading authorities in every part of the world. Here's a glance inside the September number: Sun Spot which would swallow six earths; a Volcanic Power Station; Microscope that magnifies 120,000 times; Pot-hole 5 miles deep. There are 21 articles and 15 special features and 62 illustrations in the number now on sale.

ARMCHAIR SCIENCE 6D.

100 PAGES

On Sale Everywhere

"My thoughts grow in the aroma of that particular tobacco."
(*Earl Baldwin, Dundee, 1925*)

Presbyterian Mixture

A. GALE & CO., LTD., GLASGOW.

ANOTHER Big PENSION with CASH and TELEVISOR For "JOHN BULL'S" ENTERTAINING X-WORD

25 "WEEKLY FOR LIFE PLUS £350 and

GREATEST OFFER of 1938 COMING NEXT WEEK!

3-in-1 FIRST PRIZE—or INCREASED lump sum of £650

£100 BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP

UNLIMITED SURPRISE AWARDS for 2nd RUNNERS-UP

45-Gn. MARCONIPHONE TELEVISION RECEIVER

Expert free installation and guaranteed efficiency ensure thrilling entertainment from this almost miraculous Marconiphone Televisor. (Radiogram in lieu if Winner outside Television range.)

READ THESE RULES

1.—Make entry in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil. Entry-fee is at the rate of sixpence for each two squares or two columns submitted. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form. Entry Form to be posted as directed (not delivered by hand), to reach us not later than Saturday, Sept. 10, 1938.

2.—Each entrant is limited to 8 sixpenny entries, each on an Entry Form provided in this or any other announcement of this Contest.

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Should any single letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on adjoining Entry-square will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided, or such flaws occur in more than one letter square, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon. See "Time-Sava" Form for special conditions governing use.

4.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, Sept. 22. Should any competitor not announced as a winner believe that he entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post, Tuesday, Sept. 27, in accordance with the directions given with result and enclosing £1 Scrutiny Fee. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up Prize or Surprise Awards. Accordingly entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double adjudication establishing these winners is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both Across and Down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

5.—Should the First Prize be shared, £650 cash will be paid instead of the Three-in-one Award.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

Terms and Conditions on page 25.

X-WORD No. 121.

The Committee decided the most apt and accurate Answers were those seen in the Square on left.

Reasons for Committee's findings appear in next week's "Crossword Gazette."

You may enclose "Bullets" with Crosswords—See "Bullets" page.

6 BIG CHEQUES WON IN CROSSWORD No. 121.

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 121, the Adjudication Committee decided that the entrants who indicated the most meritorious Sets of Answers for one Square were the following 6 competitors, who submitted entries differing at one point only from the most meritorious Set of Answers seen on Square on left.

S. BRICKMAN, 126, Addison Gardens, W. Kensington, W.14; W. CARDY, 51, Duke Road, Chiswick, W.4; Mrs. A. L. CAREW, 12, Elsinore Avenue, Dun Laoghaire, Dublin; H. FRISTON, 10, Cogan Terrace, Cardiff; S. HATTON, 26, Blackthorne Road, Smethwick; R. B. SHIRLAW, 293, Windmillhill Street, Motherwell.

Subject to the Terms and Conditions of the Competition, these competitors share the First Prize of £600, and a cheque for £100 will be sent to each.

Any other entrant who believes that he submitted an entry eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a Scrutiny by not later than First Post, Tuesday, September 6, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of all entries submitted and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the £100 Award to Runners-up. This prize has been divided between 111 competitors from whom we received entries inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate Answer compared with the best entries received. These winners will each receive 18s. 1d. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices and all have been notified. Extra Holiday Awards will be sent to those Runners-up from whom we received two or more 6d. entries.

A useful Surprise Award for each of 790 entrants from whom we received an entry differing from entries of Runners-up by only one less meritorious Answer will be posted this week.

WINNING WORDS.

ACROSS—2. BAD. 4. DUN. 7. PIN. 10. USE. 12. SOME. 13. BRAIN. 19. TOYS. 22. RAIN. 24. HARD. 25. DUD. 26. DICER. 27. MEN.
DOWN—1. FAIRY. 3. APE. 5. NOTE. 6. DIN. 8. TOPEC. 9. HUM. 11. SEND. 14. AIL. 15. TOY. 16. STEED. 17. CORD. 18. ASIDE. 20. SKI. 21. CAR. 23. NUN.

HOW TO USE THIS IMPROVED NEW "TIME-SAVA" ENTRY FORM

Competitors welcoming a quicker method of indicating Answers to Clues than is provided by ordinary Squares below are invited to use the greatly Improved New "Time-Sava" Form introduced this week.

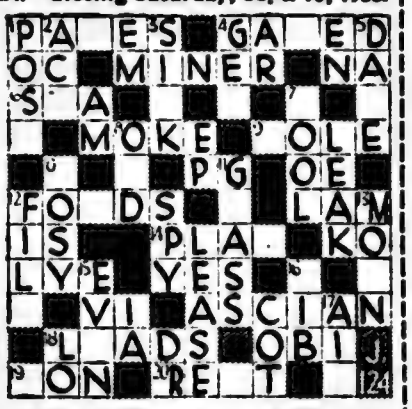
To use this easier type of "Time-Sava," you first work out Puzzle on ordinary Square as usual. Then, turning to "Time-Sava" sheet, you indicate first Set of Answers by usual method of completing EACH WORD in first Column.

In subsequent Columns of this improved new form, you indicate subsequent sets of Answers by marking ON EACH LINE THE ONE LETTER NECESSARY TO COMPLETE WORD AT THIS POINT. Should any letter space be left blank in second and subsequent Columns this will be regarded as indicating that you wish Answer in Column 1 to be read at that point.

IF PREFERRED, USE SQUARES BELOW—CLUES HERE

CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 124. Closing Saturday, Sept. 10, 1938.



IF USING 2 SQUARES ONLY, USE THOSE BELOW AND CUT HERE

In entering this competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters and I enclose

P.O. Value..... No. .....

With 2 squares send P.O. for 6d.
With 4 squares send P.O. for 1s.

2 SQUARES 6d. 4 SQUARES 1s.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

CLOSING DATE SAT., SEPT. 10. ADDRESS ENTRY CROSSWORD No. 124, "John Bull," 67, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. (COUP.)

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

Improved New Time Sava Crossword No. 124

6d ENTRY-FEE FOR THESE 2 ATTEMPTS 6d EACH FURTHER TWO COLUMNS

Study these Clues											
ACROSS											
1. They usually have to be cut neatly	P	A		E	S						
4. Some people have stopped and done this at sight of navvies digging road	G	A		E	D						
6. Ocean	S		A								
9. It's usually hard for unemployed actor to get this		O	L	E							
12. It's often a nuisance to get them out of bags	F	O		D	S						
14. Lines in this are occasionally faint	P	L	A								
18. What blind man's dog does	L		A	D	S						
19. Books are occasionally bought by		O	N								
20. When taking house, cost of decorations is often added to this	R	E		T							
DOWN											
1. Wooden one is sometimes useful for house	P	O	S								
2. High card	A	C									
3. You expect to get a lot of wear out of this	S	I		K							
4. Is quite often to be seen in ring	G	E									
5. One of note is often important	D	A		E							
7. Smart bathing costumes are usually seen in		O	O	L							
8. Some modern songs are really this	O		D								
10. Warm colour scheme may make room look this		O	S	Y							
11. Daisies are sometimes seen in	G		A	S	S						
12. Good one publishes most reasonable people	F	I	L								
13. When people do this continually it's apt to get on one's nerves	M	O		N							
15. Common to seven and eleven	E	V		N							
16. It's not much use unless it has a point		I	B								
17. Police may be well advised to watch man who has this of criminal	A	I									

INSTRUCTIONS FOR USE:—First work out Puzzle on ordinary Square with aid of clues. Then indicate first set of Answers by completing in ink a word against each clue in first column above. EVERY LETTER SPACE IN THIS FIRST COLUMN MUST BE COMPLETED OR ENTRY SHEET DISQUALIFIED. In subsequent columns indicate subsequent sets of Answers by marking ON EACH LINE THE ONE LETTER NECESSARY TO COMPLETE WORD AT THIS POINT. Should any letter space be left blank in second and subsequent columns this will be regarded as indicating that you wish Answer in Column 1 to be read at that point.

I submit this entry for X-word 124 on the understanding that first column and each subsequent column used shall be regarded for Adjudication and all other purposes as a full and precise equivalent of current X-word Square, completed with aid of Clues provided. I agree to all Rules and Conditions and enclose

P.O. Value..... No. .....

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

HUGE SURPRISE WITH MIGHTY PENSION, FORTUNE AND RADIO OFFER NEXT WEEK!

The DAUBER

Continued from Page 32

Now and again he'd sell a canvas for a pound or two. But not often. Not as often as he got ten pounds for a fight, a season ago, a century ago.

It wasn't much fun for Mary.

"But it's all for you, Mary!" he'd say, when she remonstrated.

"If it wasn't for you, I couldn't do it! Like I used to fight for you, see?" he would try to explain hopefully. "But it's much harder work! It fair pulls the inside out of you, swelp me if it don't!"

"Hard work!" she sneered. "What're you talking about? Hard work!"

★ "Like you used to fight for me, eh? Well, why don't you go out and fight again, once in a while? Don't you think we could do with the money, eh? Don't you think I want a new 'at, like Lizzie Yates? Would you like to know what Annie Jewell said? She said if *her* feller. . . ."

Heavily, miserably, he stumped out of the room. Ten minutes later he had forgotten them all, Lizzie Yates, Annie Jewell . . . all of them but Mary, the naphtha lights flaring in her pale hair, her deep eyes as deep as London River.

When she first felt her child flutter within her, a sudden deep calm flooded the whole of her body.

Another happiness, too, came to her, very slowly, very subtly. She felt that a kid was what they'd needed, both of them.

When the kid was born, she'd never be able to row Bert again, *never*. And Bert *couldn't* neglect her any more, like he'd been doing all these months.

She didn't see why he shouldn't pick up his boxing where he'd left off. Yes, he'd have the old bag hanging from the hook one of these days, and those gloves on his fists punching hell out of it.

But it didn't get Bert that way at all.

Coo lummy, how he was going to paint! Before the kid was born, he'd do a picture that would double 'em all up. Get 'em straight on the solar, bash!

Mary! He'd paint Mary! It couldn't be anything else than Mary! He'd show the kid what sort of a mother it had! And what sort of a father, too!

When the kid was born, he'd practically finished the picture. If that wasn't a masterpiece, I don't know what is.

★ Of course, Bert went completely to pot for the first weeks after the kid was born—Wally, they called him.

He guessed how much Mary wanted him beside her. So for hours at a time he'd sit beside the bed holding her hand, or burbling into the kid's face. He was a bit of a queer cuss, old Bert.

"It's working!" Mary announced to herself with glee. "I'm getting him back again! Coo! It's lovely!" She pressed the young Wally so close she almost choked him.

But gradually Bert began to get restless. With a sinking of the heart she began to see shadows of the old absent-mindedness darken his eyes.

Then, one day, very uncomfortably, he said to her:

"Look here, kid! I must just hop along and get that job finished. It's all right by you, eh?"

"Oh, won't you wait just a bit longer?" she pouted. "Can't you see I want you?"

But she saw it was inevitable.

Well, I want to cut this story short. If Bert was a half-time painter before, he came a time-and-a-half painter now. To Mary it seemed nothing else in the world existed for him than those blasted paints, and that blasted canvas—nothing. She'd come in and taunt him like an old drunk.

Then, when she saw how desperately she hurt him, she'd break down into a storm of tears. She'd grovel at his feet and ask him to forget what she'd said. She'd bring in a pail and scrub the boards till they shone like bright glass.

★ They were rather grim days for Bert and Mary. But Wally didn't seem to mind, crowing to himself as he lay back against his pillow, and trying hard to swallow his left foot.

Then Bert got an idea. He had to paint the kid now, not Mary. He could let Mary rest. Yet it would be Mary, too, and himself, too. But, above all, the kid.

Not the kid *now*. The kid as he was going to be, twelve years from now, fourteen years from now.

The kid stripped to take the plunge into London River. A great ship going down-stream. The barges chugging up-stream. Swallow-tips scratching the water. The wind and clouds.

Above all, the kid, the kid plunging into London River.

He felt when he'd done this picture, Mary would understand at last. She'd come over to him, holding her hands out, smiling.

Victoriously the conception was nearing its climax when a sudden black cloud came dourly across the day.

The kid fell ill, suddenly, seriously.

With an animal terror in his eyes, Bert left his canvas, the water, the clouds, the barges, the stripped boy ready to dive.

Canvas, did you say—canvas?

A shroud, I said.

The boy lingered only a few days. His sickness flared up in him and consumed him. There was no more Wally any more. Poor kid! He'd been a nice-made kid. . . .

Week after week Bert sat in the room where the kid had died.

With soft, low words, like he'd been born a duke's son, he placed himself between Mary and her misery. He would come up to her and hold her hands and look in her eyes, with the intentness with which he had once looked into the eyes of his dead child.

★ She'd see a bitterness enter them, see how he bit his lips. That, too, would pass, and his eyes would be as dull and dead as spent coke.

She would creep away and prepare some food for him, and find him when she returned sitting as she'd left him, his eyes like soot.

She grew afraid. But wasn't this exactly what she'd hoped for? That he'd come back to her some day, forgetting all that junk over there, be her own tough guy again, one of the boys?

"No, not this!" her heart said mournfully. "Not this!"

What about that there picture he'd been so excited about, with the river and the ships, and—and——

"Listen, Bert!" she said to him one day, passing her hands through his hair. "Why don't you listen, Bert? That there painting—be a sport, Bert! I'm dying to see you finish it! Why don't you go across and finish it now, Bert! How about it, 'oneybunch?"

He looked up at her. There was an odd, rather sly, smile in his face. Then, slowly, deliberately, he said: "Not me, Mary. It's napoo!"

"What d'you mean?" she cried, a catch in her throat. "What'yer talking about, Bert?"

"I'm not going to paint never again, Mary!"

"But that picture! The kid!" she moaned. 'It's all we got left of him!"

He rose to his feet.

"Come this way, Mary!" he said gently. "I was out there this morning afore you got up!"

He took her by the hand and led her along the creaking passage to the studio over the garage. She tried to hold back, but the grip on her hand was firm.

★ In the dry blank light the easel stood, a canvas on its pegs. She came closer.

It was a daub of grey, tintless wash. Dimly below it she could see, as through a fog, the river, the windy sky, the stripped boy.

He shoved the thing out of the way with a quick thrust of his huge shoulders; it went clattering down like a child's toy.

Then he went over to the cupboard where the hanging bag had been thrust out of the way for a year, two years. He took it out, lifting it with difficulty, for he was not so tough as he had been. He hung it from the rusty hook in the centre beam.

"Get me them punching-gloves," he said, "will you?"

She stared at him with wretchedness and fright in her eyes.

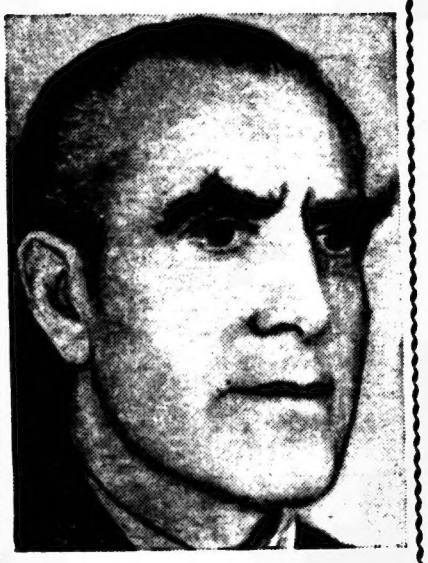
"Bert!" she whispered. "*Please*, Bert!"

"Get them gloves!" he said again, a note of roughness in his voice. "I've got to get busy! I'm fixed up for a six-rounder at Wonderland a week next Thursday. Well, what about it?"

The sound of the gloves against the bag came down the passage to her like the sound of her own heart-beats in her ears, thudding away mournfully.

"But he's back!" a voice reasoned with her. "You've got him back!"

She stuffed the tablecloth into her mouth so that he should not hear her sobs.



Dr. Harold Dearden

"As I left the dark bulk of the prison behind me, it was by no means comfortable to contemplate that, in less than twenty-four hours, the fellow-creature to whom I had just said 'good-bye' would be hanged by the neck until he was dead."

That is how Dr. Harold Dearden, playwright, journalist, psychologist and criminologist, begins an amazing real-life story which he has written for the next issue of JOHN BULL.

It is the first of a series in which noted writers will describe

"MY STRANGEST EXPERIENCE"

Finish This for a Start

P	O	S	

One more letter in the vacant space above is required to form an apt Answer to the Clue, "Wooden one is sometimes useful for fence."

As soon as you have settled that little problem, "tune in" to the complete JOHN BULL *Crossword on page 36; your reward for carefully chosen Answers may well be a Life Pension, big cheque and choice of Television set or Radiogram.*

WHEN YOUR HEAD IS DULL AND HEAVY

When your tongue is furred, your bowels costive, and you rise in the morning tired, with no relish for breakfast and dreading your work; when you are bilious, and unable to look at food; when you feel fit-for-nothing, and have no energy, no interest or ambition—*your stomach and liver are out of order.*

It may be the weather or overwork, errors in diet, or some natural weakness; but, whatever the cause, your stomach and liver need immediate help. Indigestion is poisoning your system and sapping your vitality. Mother Seigels Brand Digestive Syrup will surely help you. It will renew your appetite, stimulate your liver to healthy activity, regulate your bowels, make food nourish you, and give you new strength, new energy, new life. Test it to-day. Price 1/3 and 3/-.

LIVES ON THE AIR

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RADIO

Receivers · Batteries · Components

RHEUMATISM

"I feel like a youth again"

Nothing begets deeper misery than the slow torture of Rheumatism. And can you wonder? Weeks at a time of that dull, unnerving pain; weeks and months of crippling stiffness. In bed or out of it there is no ease or rest. You sleep by fits and starts and rise jaded and depressed. Now and again the pain lets up for a while, only to return again like the blackest night.

For years life dragged on thus for Mr. H. B., of Brighton. *And then the miracle happened.* For, indeed, the amazing and lasting relief he got by taking Fynnon Salt must have seemed a miracle. To-day, he says, life is again worth living. "I can *spring* out of bed in the morning—at 70 I feel like a youth again after a course of Fynnon Salt. Thank you ever so much for it. It has given me a new outlook on life, and I trust that many sufferers will see my testimonial about this speedy remedy. I would like you to help them by publishing my letter."

Fynnon Salt is a combination of the powerful "Salts of the Earth" found in renowned Spa waters. Take a teaspoonful in a tumblerful of water every morning, and rinse that killing pain and stiffness from your system for good. Large tins 1/3.

FREE TRIAL BOTTLE OF HAIR TONIC TO

Sufferers from HAIR TROUBLES

Turn to the Special Offer on Pages 4 & 5

YOUR personal appearance means everything to you. Don't neglect it—particularly your hair. If you find your hair going thin or patchy, grey or lank, perhaps you are even going bald, get full particulars of the Godfrey offer on pages 4 and 5. Accept the FREE TRIAL BOTTLE of Hair Tonic and FREE BOOKLET which explains all about this system of Hair Culture and prove for yourself that new vigorous, "live" colourful hair can be yours, NOW! Turn to pages 4 and 5 and fill in the coupon now, while you think of it! Enclose 3d. in stamps to cover postage and packing.

SOLID ZAM-BUK

In addition to Zam-Buk Ointment for external piles you can now obtain Zam-Buk soluble suppositories for *inward* use. Ask your chemist for Zam-Buk Suppositories. 1/3 a box. Left in position at night they cure while you sleep.

CURES PILES

STOP your RUPTURE Worries!

Why endure Rupture when you can be fit and active in a few days from now? Whatever your age or sex, whatever you have tried, we know the famous **Brooks Rupture Appliance** will STOP your worries for good — pleasantly, instantly and painlessly, in the privacy of your home, without interfering with work or pleasure! It's dangerous to neglect your Rupture. Don't wear a useless, old-fashioned truss. Instead, enjoy the comfort and security that only **Brooks** can offer—lead an active life, knowing that your **Brooks** is *healing* as well as holding. Featherlight, invisible, durable, yet really **CHEAP IN PRICE**, 3,200 *doctors recommend Brooks*. You owe it to yourself and family to find out about this proved invention. Avoid dangerous risks. Act now. Overcome your Rupture. Find out how you may **TRY A BROOKS AT OUR EXPENSE.** Send for *free book* now (sent in plain sealed envelope), and stop your rupture worries for ever!

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(520U) 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.
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Please send me by post in plain wrapper your illustrated Book and full information about your Appliance for the Cure of Rupture, and your **10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL OFFER.**

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Cut out and Post TO-DAY.

Wonderful Generous Free Offer to
Indigestion Sufferers—
3/- TIN of BIRLEY'S ANTACID POWDER
—it's, FREE!

Be rid of your digestive troubles by accepting the most generous free offer ever made to Stomach and Indigestion Sufferers—it appears on p. 33. The makers of Birley's Antacid Powder offer readers of "John Bull" a Free 3/- Full-Size Tin. Hurry! Don't hesitate a moment longer, but fill in the coupon on p. 33 and post at once enclosing a P.O. for 6d. which is simply to cover delivery expenses, etc.

PILES!

Internal, external, blind or bleeding piles—you will be amazed at the relief experienced immediately you apply Man Zan. The terrible irritation disappears. Made specially for pile trouble. In clean to use, special applicator tubes, price 3/-, from all chemists. Don't stay in pain and danger, obtain a supply of

Man Zan

Brand PILE REMEDY

To end Constipation—Take De Witts Brand Little Laxaliver Pills. Price 1/3.

USEFUL TIPS...
and a FREE OFFER
Read Molly Montague's Article which appears on page 31.

THE NEED FOR A PLANNED CAREER WAS NEVER GREATER THAN IT IS TO-DAY!
Turn to the Bennett College Announcement on page 14, and fill in coupon for full details.

If you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query, which should be written in ink. Write to-day, marking your envelope "Free Advice." The replies given here to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

The Editor Laughs Last

DEPRESSED (Horley).—"Who profits by a doctor's advice, I should like to know." The doctor.

D. B. (Southsea).—"In order to swim really well, I am told that the only thing needed is confidence." And water.

G. J. (Hastings).—"Can you guess what is the latest thing in beach shoes down here?" Sand?

G. M. (Downham).—"The only time we have had a burglar in our house, I dashed downstairs the moment I heard him." Was he in the attic?

R. B. (Leicester).—"A dance band, dressed as clowns, suddenly appeared at our local fête, and what do you think they played?" The fool.

D. J. (Peebles).—"Modern cars are so foolproof that there is hardly anything that gives persistent trouble." Except paying for them.

NATURALIST (Skegness).—"I found an entirely new species of gnat the other day." Are you sure it didn't find you first?

D. L. (Bristol).—"I read somewhere that there are only seven original waltz themes in existence." We should love to hear the other six.

L. J. (Tenby).—"The man put his hand on my arm, and what do you think he wanted to know?" Whether you were coming quietly?

P. H. (Esher).—"At my job as lion-tamer it is very necessary to keep on the right side of the animals." The outside for preference?

E. S. (Canterbury).—"Any man would object to being discharged without notice from the place where he had worked hard for six years." Except if he's doing ten.

CHEMIST (Clifton).—"Three good-looking girls, clad in the scantiest of bathing costumes, walked into my shop this morning to buy some lipstick." Pretty cool customers.

MRS. G. (Henley).—"I have discovered that a diet of ripe plums keeps me slim." But there is always a danger, of course, that you may accidentally add a stone to your weight.

J. H. D. (Weybridge).—"I'm looking for a sound investment." Then you cannot do better than look into this week's *Bullets* Offer. Your return for a sixpenny investment may well be a fine Radio and 20s. Weekly for Life.

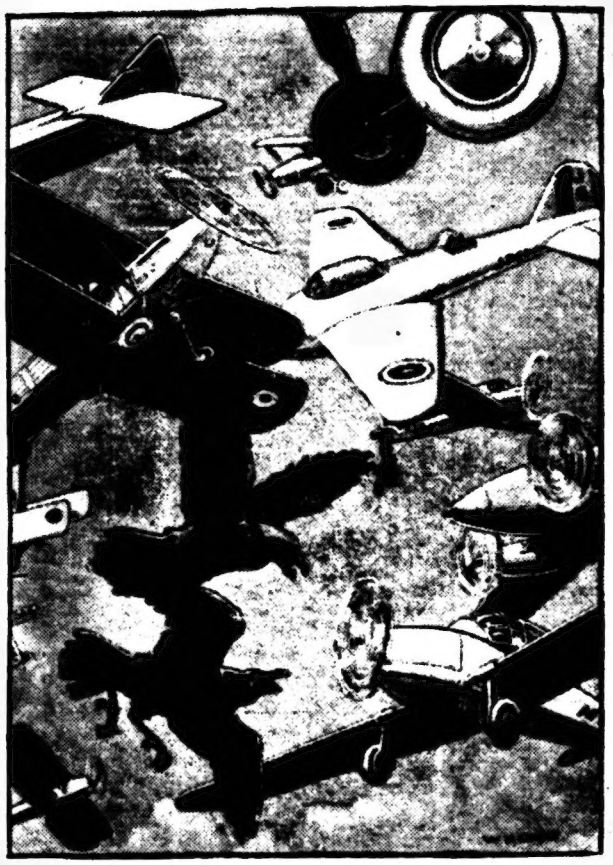
G. M. (Shoreham).—"Many seaside girls now buy their beach frocks on the instalment system." Yes, only the other day we saw one wearing the first instalment.

MONEYLENDER (London, W.).—"I cannot believe that Christmas will be here in about four months' time." Good heavens! Don't you even trust your own calendar?

E. N. (Minehead).—"I wonder why all the archæologists except myself stumbled across some ancient ruins during our trip to Egypt?" Probably because they didn't look where they were going.

L. K. (Frome).—"Just because she had started a new slimming course, my wife refused to go abroad for our summer holidays." Perhaps she had heard that travel broadens one?

D. N. (Clapton).—"I rang up my friend three or four times without getting any answer, so I strongly suspect that he is no longer on the 'phone." We have often had the same suspicions about the exchange.



"Let's go down and walk"—From "The Passing Show"

S. B. (Bingham).—"Do you know what I put into my cold bath during the winter?" Just your big toe?

S. L. (Ealing).—"I intended to make my audience sit up." And they retaliated by requesting you to sit down?

L. G. F. (Tiverton).—"I've been trying to smoke a cigar for a week but without success." Why not buy a new one?

Gus (Salisbury).—"I was in wonderful form at golf last week-end. Guess what I went round in?" A pair of flannels and an old sweater.

T. D. (Knebworth).—"Before I started taking a course of lessons in golf I could not play a single stroke." And now you can, we suppose?

N. H. (Pontefract).—"Now is the time to lay in coal." Maybe it is, but we prefer a hammock.

P. N. (St. Albans).—"A lot of haymaking is now done entirely by machinery." All cut and dried.

P. F. (Orpington).—"Before long nudism will be popular with everybody." What about tailors?

P. G. (Liverpool).—"I claim to be able to overcome cobras by crooning to them." Suffering snakes!

R. T. (Wembley).—"What is the great thing to look for on one's first visit to the Zoo?" The elephant.

OSWALD (Gloucester).—"My car is one of the most amazing models going." And more amazing still when it stops?

R. B. (Kensington).—"If I had my way, I would drive all car bandits out of London." We would make them walk.

R. N. (Farnham).—"With their engines roaring overhead all night, how on earth do the pilots expect me to sleep?" In bed.

R. M. (Histon).—"My sister is engaged to a nice boy, but she is such an awful flirt that I can't understand how she keeps him." Guessing?

MISS D. (Purley).—"Are black cats always lucky?" The one we threw a boot at the other night wasn't.

P. N. (Manchester).—"He has a couple of beautiful stone tigers on his lawn." Any dandelions?

T. M. (Harrow).—"You may rave about seaside resorts, the Lake District and the mountains of Wales, but just give me London." Sorry, but we happen to be using it ourselves at the moment.

FOOTBALLER (Birmingham).—"The first job of a referee on arriving is to examine the ground thoroughly." And make a note of the most convenient exits?

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

SIDESLIPS . . .

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/5 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "Slip" is submitted by more than one person, that which arrived with the earliest postmark receives the award.

LEICESTER EVENING MAIL :—"The Minister of Transport has given instructions for work to begin . . . between Lockington railway bridge and Sawley CROSSWORDS."

WOOLWICH GAZETTE :—"It included a baby show, a flower show, concerts and BAD music . . ."

BRISTOL EVENING POST :—"He called the fire brigade, who broke down the DONOR . . ."

TOTTENHAM WEEKLY HERALD :—"His policy covered the machine only when a sidecar was ATTACKED."

EXPRESS AND ECHO :—"Cuckfield Rural Council is to use a steam roller to fight the RATE menace."

NOTTINGHAM EVENING NEWS :—"I have seen the Australians in dark suitings wander across to SUSPECT the wicket."

WILTS AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE STANDARD :—"Greenhouse Cyclamens can be REPORTED."

NORTH SHIELDS EVENING NEWS :—"In cross-examination Mrs. —— said she did not give him solid WOOD from January to March because he complained of terrible pains."

DAD Reads a Thriller — *By MAZ*

ANOTHER FINE ONE-WEEK PENSION and RADIO OFFER

continues "Bullets" Autumn Campaign!

WIN OVER **£1,000** In Pension Cheques during next 20 years by capturing "Bullets" fine First Prize ...

£1 WEEKLY FOR LIFE

£250 CASH WILL BE PAID IF WINNER PREFERS LUMP SUM

£50 OFFER WITH EACH PRIZE | **£25** 2ND PRIZE | **£10** 3RD PRIZE | **£9** | **£8** | **£7**

£6 | **£5** | **£4** | **£3** | **10** of **£2.10** | **25** of **10/-** | **200** SURPRISE AWARDS VALUE **5/-**

6,000 "GOOD SHOT" PRIZES — CLOSING POSTMARK SAT SEPT 10

20 5-VALVE ALL-WAVE SUPERHET "PHILIPS" RADIOS

ONE OF THESE SUPERB "ROUND-the-WORLD" RADIOS WITH EACH PRIZE OF £2·10 AND OVER, GIVING GOOD RECEPTION FROM NUMEROUS STATIONS

YOU need no calendar to know that autumn is at hand. Longer evenings and chilliness in the air make indoors inviting and so bring back those opportunities to make *Bullets* which summer had denied you.

Continuing *Bullets* great Autumn Campaign, JOHN BULL offers another fine Life Pension First, other cheques in plenty, handsome Radios and thousands of other prizes, *all waiting to be won for one week only!*

Enter the best *Bullet* of the fine one-week Offer now before you and you will start a steady stream of weekly 20s. Pension Cheques from Long Acre, totalling over £1,000 during the next 20 years and continuing for the rest of your life. Half an hour with the *Examples* to-night and success may well be yours.

'BULLETS' 1,133 RESULT

First Prize, £305 Cash:

G. W. BALDOCK, 35, Gladstone Road, Farnborough, Kent.

Example: FOR ALL
Bullet: AT "CROSSROADS," "OUTSTRETCHED ARMS."

Second Prize, £30:

H. BARCLAY, 42, Barrasgate Road, Fraserburgh, N.B.

Example: As Far As We Can See
Bullet: Our "League Friends Dumb."

Third Prize, £15:

Mrs. D. NORWORTHY, 28, Charlotte Street, Devonport, Devon.

Example: Paid Him
Bullet: Escorting Fido—Forsaking "Dogs."

17 £5 Winners:

W. BILSBOROUGH, 67, Balmoral Terrace, York.
To Succeed—Me, My *One* "Success."

A. DUNDERDALE, 24, Dodgson Road, Preston, Lancs.
The Consumer—Of Consumers, Profiteer's Price
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

J. EMBERTON, 139, High Street, Chasetown, Walsall.
Carrying The Baby—And Pram—Missus, Wheel!

F. R. FARRAR, 2a, Woodhouse Terrace, Copley, Halifax.
Wants The Earth—Roadhog—Busy Distributing Puddles!

H. FRISTON, 10, Cogan Terrace, Cardiff.
Fighting On—Dad, Deserting His *Lamp*-post.

A. HERSEE, 32, S. Croxted Road, W. Dulwich, S.E.
Man Who Laughed—At "Beacons," Saw "Stars."

Mrs. L. JACK, 4, College Yard, Brigg, Lincs.
Where To Stop—Dictator Knows—For Cheers!

R. E. JOHN, 144, Aldergrove Road, Porth, Glam.
Back From The Seaside—I'm "Sandy."

G. MADOC JONES, "Berthwen," The Green, Denbigh, N. Wales.
Sick World—Giving "Doctors" Sore Throats.

R. T. JONES, "Durham Arms," Harleyford Road, Kennington, S.E.
Must Not Die—On Builder's "Scaffolding." Farming.

W. JONES, Ralft, Llangefni, Anglesey, North Wales.
Mother's Jewels—Scattered—Life's "Thread" Snapped.

Mrs. A. POSTLETHWAITE, 21, Millom Road, Millom, Cumberland.
With Britain's Help—Visiting Foreigners Choosing Bombers!

F. SMOKER, 2, Park Avenue, Gillingham, Kent.
Everybody Fears—Village Policeman—Riding Motor-bike!

To make a prize *Bullet*, select one of the *Examples* provided and jot down any idea it suggests. Then improve this rough note to TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment, closely fitted to the chosen *Example*.

Suppose, for instance, that this week's *Example*, FRIGHTENED THE MOTORIST, had prompted you to scribble down, *Petrol's Consumption—Not Speed He Travelled*. From this you could easily produce the typical *Bullet*, FRIGHTENED THE MOTORIST—SPEED HIS *Petrol* WENT!

To help you further, study the leading *Bullets* in our 1,133rd Contest on this page. Then make a start on your efforts, for your entry must be posted on or before Saturday, September 10.

Add 2, 3 or 4 words to any "Example"

REFEREE NEVILLE
TO COMFORT THE TAXPAYER
GUARDIAN OF PEACE
HOW TO RUN THE COUNTRY
BRIGHTER EVENING
IF WE KEEP CALM
IN OUR WORKSHOP
DAD'S SET
WHEN THE QUARREL'S OVER
DEVOTED
HER ESCORT
IT WAS A GOOD IDEA, BUT
ONE-EYED POLICY
SHOULD BE EXPLORED
CINEMA FANS
WITH A BROKEN HEART
FRIGHTENED THE MOTORIST
RISING
SHE WEARS THE TROUSERS, SO
CRAMPS MY STYLE
NO TROUBLE
EVADING THE LAW
TO ATTRACT THE CUSTOMERS
READING BETWEEN THE LINES
POSTPONED
SHOW'S HE'S GROWING
"NOT A BIT OF IT!"
TO FOLLOW
AGAINST THE STREAM
WHEN THE BOSS LEFT
GOLDEN AUTUMN
SHOCK FOR THE TENANT

J. W. SPENCER, 8, Derwent Avenue, Alfonso Street, Ena Street, Boulevard, Hull.
King Cricket—Soon, Like Spectator, "Sleeping."

Mrs. TUCK, Ivy Cottage, Chideock, Bridport, Dorset.
Judging By The Row—Germany's Forgotten "All Quiet——"

C. L. WALLACE, 17, Westbury Road, Northwood, Middlesex.
Dad's Gone And—Contradicted Lodger—Lodger's Going.

W. H. WILSON, 17, Dingley Avenue, Orrell Park, Liverpool.
He's An Old Hand, So—Fingers Sure—Feeling Uncertain.
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

A list of 25 10s. and 200 5s. Surprise Award winners can be seen at these Offices.

Save Money on Entries

With your *Bullets* entry you may now enclose Crossword entry, with single Postal Order sufficient to cover both entry-fees, thus saving 2½d. on postage and postage.
Make Postal Order payable to JOHN BULL, address joint entry envelope "Bullets" No. 1,137 and Crossword No. 124, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, marking it "B and C" in top left-hand corner.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,137) | P.O. No. ..... | Signed .....

Closing postmark SAT., Sept. 10. | I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d. | Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,137) | P.O. No. ..... | Signed .....

Closing postmark SAT., Sept. 10. | I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. | Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,137) | P.O. No. ..... | Signed .....

Closing postmark SAT., Sept. 10. | I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d. | Address .....

FREE COUPON FOR COMPETITION No 1,137 IF USED AS INSTRUCTED BELOW

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

FREE PRIVILEGE ENTRY

I enclose TWO or more paid (or prize) coupons for Bullets No. 1,137, all entered in same name and address, entitling me to this coupon FREE.

Signed .....

Address .....

YOU CAN POST YOUR ENTRY UP TILL LAST COLLECTION, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10.

Should you wish to enter further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 1,137 usually purchase "John Bull."

The original cheque for £300 received by the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 1,132 will be displayed in the window of Mrs. R. Cook, Front Street, New York, Shiremoor.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./. Entrant's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 1,137, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

The Remedy That Has Definitely Mastered

CIRCULATORY DISEASES

Wonderful Discovery of Unique Blood Substance Essential to Health!

By Every Post Letters Pour Into Our Offices ——Letters full of Praise and Thanks!

Elasto

REGISTERED

The Wonder Tablet

For the Blood, Veins, Arteries and Heart

EVERY sufferer should test this wonderful new biochemical remedy, which quickly brings ease and comfort and creates within the system a new health force; overcoming sluggish, unhealthy conditions, increasing vitality and bringing into full activity Nature's own powers of healing.

No ailment resulting from poor or sluggish circulation of the blood can resist the curative action of Elasto. Painful, swollen (varicose) veins are restored to a healthy condition, the heart becomes steady, the arteries supple, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds (bad leg) become clean and healthy and quickly heal, piles disappear, inflammation and irritation are soothed, rheumatism simply fades away, and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, *although the relief does seem magical;* it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto, *the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers!*

What is Elasto?

This question is fully answered in an interesting Booklet, which explains in simple language the Elasto method of *curing through the blood.* Your copy is Free, together with a generous Free Sample (see coupon below). Suffice it to say here that Elasto is not a drug, but a vital cell-food which MUST be present in the blood to ensure complete health! It restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with the blood albumin to form organic elastic tissue and thus enables *Nature* to restore elasticity to the broken-down and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries and heart, and so to re-establish normal, healthy circulation, *without which there can be no true healing!* The health of every organ and tissue of the body depends upon healthy cellular activity, and, to ensure this, vigorously circulating, oxygen-rich blood is *absolutely essential.* NINE TIMES OUT OF TEN THE REAL TROUBLE IS BAD CIRCULATION.

Read What Users of Elasto Say—

"I have suffered years of agony with varicose veins and phlebitis, but thanks to Elasto, my leg is now completely cured."
"Rheumateid arthritis gone; I have never felt better."
"The stinging sensation I used to get in my left arm and leg (arterio-sclerosis) is quite gone and my general health is much improved."
"Now walk long distances with ease."
"Elasto has cured my bad legs."
"Cured my rheumatism and neuritis."
"Thrombosis gone; legs better and less swelling."
"Varicose veins quickly cured after 12 years of useless bandaging."
"All signs of phlebitis gone."
"Completely cured my varicose ulcers."
"I am now free from pain."
"No pain or swelling in my legs now. I think it is wonderful after being unable to get about for two years."
"Your wonderful remedy has also cured me of cramp from which I had suffered for years."
"Elasto tones up the system and cures depression."
"My heart is quite sound again now."
"My doctor marvelled at my quick recovery from phlebitis."
"The swelling from ankles to thighs has entirely gone, and I can do a full day's work keeping on my legs all day."
"Lumbago cured after 3 years of suffering. Age 66."
"Elasto has saved me pounds."
"Had rheumatism so badly I could hardly walk, but Elasto cured me."
"Cured my sciatica 12 months ago; still quite fit."
"As soon as I started taking Elasto I could go about my work in comfort, no pain whatever."
"Cured my swollen legs although I had been suffering for years."
"I was confined to my bed with phlebitis, without hope of ever getting out again. My doctor says I owe my life to Elasto."
"Elasto has quite cured my eczema."
"My piles are gone, my legs are better, and I feel fitter in my general health." Etc., Etc.

THESE extracts are taken from letters received from grateful people who KNOW, who have tested and proved for themselves the extraordinary health-restoring powers of this wonderful new biochemical remedy, Elasto. We guarantee the authenticity of every extract quoted.

Here's Good News! You Can Test Elasto Free!

SIMPLY fill in the Coupon below for a Free Sample and a Special Free Booklet fully explaining Elasto, the new Biochemical Remedy. These, together with copies of recent testimonials, we will gladly send privately, post free. Don't lose another moment. Write for these to-day—NOW, while you think of it—AND SEE FOR YOURSELF WHAT A WONDERFUL DIFFERENCE ELASTO MAKES. *This offer is too good to be missed!* ★

ELASTO (Dept. 15), CECIL HOUSE, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C.

COUPON ★

FOR FREE TRIAL SAMPLE OF ELASTO

ELASTO (Dept. 15), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Please send me Free Sample and Special Free Booklet, "The Story of Elasto," fully explaining how Elasto, **The Great Blood Revitaliser,** cures through the blood.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

J.B. No. 3938 .....

Elasto will save you pounds!

J.B.L.35 22★

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